THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

"Of course there was a "verdict" of guilty; and a sentence of fourteen years' transportation. The facts charged were easily proved; they were patent, notorious, often repeated, and ostentatiously deliberate; insomuch that jurymen who felt themselves to be subjects of the Queen of England could not do otherwise than convict. On the other hand, any Irish Nationalist must acquit. Never before had the government of the foreign enemy and the Irish people met in so plain an issue. Never before was it made so manifest that the enemy's government maintains its supremacy over Ireland by systematically breaking the "law,"—even its own law; by turning its judicial trials into solemn farces, its ermined judges into bad actors, and its fountain of justice into an obscene "mother of dead dogs."

Of course, both Mr. Holmes, and the prisoner on trial, took good care to manifest their sense of all this. Holmes informed the jury that they knew themselves to be well and truly packed; and when I was asked if I had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon me, I remarked that I had not been tried. Baron Lefroy chose to interpret this as an impeachment of the jury for perjury; but I took care to contradict the judge. I could not, in the last moment of my life, afford to suffer any misrepresentation of the true issue; so I interrupted him to declare that I did not charge the jurors with perjury; but charged the sheriff (that is, another name for the queen), with impanelling only those who were well known to be my mortal enemies. When the sentence was passed, and every human being in court, friends and enemies, stood aghast at its murderous severity, I addressed the judges in a few sentences, wherein I concentrated all the disdain and defiance that had been gathering in my heart for two days:

"'The law has done its part, and the Queen of England, her crown and government in Ireland, are now secure, pursuant to act of parliament. I have done my part also. Three months ago I promised Lord Clarendon and his government, who hold this country for the English, that I would provoke him into his courts of justice, as places of this kind are called, and that I would force him, publicly and notoriously, to pack a jury against me to convict me, or else that I would walk a free man out of this court, and provoke him to a contest in another field. My lords, I knew I was setting my life on that cast; but I knew that, in either event, victory should be with me; and it is with me. Neither the jury, nor the judges, nor any other man in this court presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock. (Murmurs of applause, which the police endeavored to repress). I have shown what the law is made of in Ireland. I have shown that her majesty's government sustains itself in Ireland by packed juries—by partizan judges—by perjured sheriffs ——'

"After an interruption from Baron Lefroy—who 'could not sit there,' to suffer the prisoner at the bar to utter very nearly a repetition of the offense for which he had been sentenced—Mitchel proceeded:

"'What I have now to add is simply this: I have acted all through this business, from the first, under a strong sense of duty. I do not repent anything I have done; and I believe that the course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman, who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that 300 should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three?"

"Indicating, as he spoke, Reilly, Martin and Meagher. 'Promise for me'—'and me'—'and me, Mitchel,' rose around him in commingled tones of earnest solemnity, passionate defiance, and fearless devotion, from his friends and followers; and, embracing the exciting scene in a glance, he cried with proud eagerness:

"'For one, for two, for three? Ay, for hundreds!'

"A scene of immense excitement followed, in the midst of which the judges fled from the bench, the prisoner was huddled off, waving his hand to his friends, two of whom, Meagher and Doheney, were arrested for giving vent to the feeling impossible to suppress at such a moment.

"After they had been discharged, and when order was restored, Holmes rose to add his defiance to that of the prisoner. He said:

"'My lords: I think I had a perfect right to use the language I did yesterday. I wish now to state that what I said yesterday, as an advocate, I adopt today as my own opinion. I here avow all I have said; and, perhaps, under the late act of parliament, her majesty's attorney-general, if I have violated the law, may think it his duty to proceed against me in that way. I now say, with deliberation, that the sentiments I expressed with regard to England, and her treatment of this country, are my sentiments; and I here avow them openly. The attorney-general is present—I retract nothing. These are my well-judged sentiments—these are my opinions as to the relative position of England and Ireland, and if I have, as you seem to insinuate, violated the law by stating these opinions, I now deliberately do so again. Let her majesty's attorney-general do his duty to his government; I have done mine to my country.'"

Before dismissing myself from the scene forever, I will add that if anything had been wanted to justify me, in my own eyes, for all that I had done and meditated, the earnest and impassioned advocacy of the brave old Republican of '98 would have contented me well. It caused me to feel that my defeated life was at least one link in the unbroken chain of testimony borne by my country against foreign dominion; and with this consciousness I knew that my chains would weigh light. "In this island," exclaimed Meagher, "the English never, never shall have rest. The work begun by the Norman never shall be completed."

An armed steamer waited in the river on the day of my sentence; the whole garrison of Dublin was under arms, on pretense of a review in the park; a place was secretly designated for my embarkation, below the city, where bridges over a canal, and over the entrance to the custom house docks could be raised, to prevent any concourse of the people in that direction; and, two or three hours after the sentence, I was hurried off in a close omnibus filled with police, and carried by a circuitous route to the river, escorted by a force of cavalry and mounted police.

For two days before, the leaders of the Confederation had been earnestly engaged in restraining the natural impulse of our clubs to attempt a rescue. Meagher and Reilly had been at first eager for this desperate enterprise. "I have but one life to give," exclaimed Reilly to his club, "and I give it; let others swear the same." Meagher had declared that before the enemy should embark me in a convict-ship, Kingstown harbor would be one pool of blood. But O'Brien was absent from Dublin; some others of our confederates sincerely believed it would be criminal to expose the citizens, not half-armed and not disciplined at all, to the hazard of so horrible a carnage; others still have been charged with opposing all movement out of personal hostility to me, or out of mere cowardice. I have no care to scrutinize motives; and it is enough to know that the most trusted men in the Confederation finally determined to restrain the clubs, and suffer the last act of this elaborate national insult and outrage to be transacted in quiet. They came to me, the day before the trial, in my prison, entreating me to issue an address to the clubs under my own hand, that they should suffer me to be carried away peacefully: I refused utterly; and perhaps too bitterly.

Reilly fumed in silent rage. Meagher, being reluctantly coerced by the majority of his comrades to check the fierce impulse of his passion, labored like the rest to calm the indignation of the clubs; and it is just to give his own account of his own conduct. In a speech to the Confederation, a few days after my removal, he said:

"In those feelings of depression and shame I deeply share; and from the mistrust with which some of you, at least, may regard the members of the late council, I shall not hold myself exempt. If they are to blame, so am I. Between the hearts of the people and the bayonets of the government, I took my stand, with the members of the council, and warned back the precipitate devotion which scoffed at prudence as a crime. I am here to answer for that act. If you believe it to have been the act of a dastard, treat me with no delicacy,—treat me with no respect. Vindicate your courage in the impeachment of the coward. The necessities and perils of the cause forbid the interchange of courtesies. Civilities are out of place in the whirl and tumult of the tempest.

"The address of the council to the people of Ireland—the address signed by William Smith O'Brien—bears witness to your determination. It states that thousands of confederates had pledged themselves that John Mitchel should not leave these shores but through their blood. We were bound to make this statement—bound in justice to you—bound in honor to the country. Whatever odium may flow from that scene of victorious defiance, in which the government played its part without a stammer or a check, none falls on you. You would have fought, had we not seized your hands, and bound them.

"Let no foul tongue, then, spit its sarcasm upon the people. They were ready for the sacrifice; and, had the word been given, the stars would burn this night above a thousand crimsoned graves. The guilt is ours; let the sarcasms fall upon our heads.

"We told you in the clubs, four days previous to the trial, the reasons that compelled us to oppose the project of a rescue. The concentration of 10,000 troops upon the city—the incomplete organization of the people—the insufficiency of food, in case of a sustained resistance—the uncertainty as to how far the country districts were prepared to support us; these were the chief reasons that forced us into an antagonism with your generosity, your devotion, your intrepidity. Night after night we visited the clubs, to know your sentiments, your determination; and to the course we instructed you to adopt, you gave, at length, a reluctant sanction.

"Now, I do not think it would be candid in me to conceal the fact, that the day subsequent to the arrest of John Mitchel, I gave expression to sentiments having a tendency quite opposite to the advice I have mentioned. At a meeting of the 'Grattan Club,' I said that the Confederation ought to come to the resolution to resist by force the transportation of John Mitchel; and, if the worst befell us, the ship that carried him away should sail upon a sea of blood. I said this, and I shall not now conceal it. I said this, and I shall not now shrink from the reproach of having acted otherwise. Upon consideration, I became convinced they were sentiments which, if acted upon, would associate my name with the ruin of the cause. I felt it my duty, therefore, to retract them—not to disown, but to condemn them; not to shrink from the responsibility which the avowal of them might entail, but to avert the disaster which the enforcement of them would ensure.

"You have now heard all I have to say on that point; and with a conscience happy in the thought that it has concealed nothing, I shall exultingly look forward to an event—the shadow of which already encompasses us—for the vindication of my conduct, and the attestation of my truth. Call me coward—call me renegade; I will accept these titles as the penalties which a fidelity to my convictions has imposed. It will be so for a short time only. To the end I see the path I have been ordained to walk; and upon the grave which closes in that path, I can read no coward's epitaph."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

REMINISCENCES OF O'CONNELL.

A correspondent writing in the Kerry *Evening Post* says: "In the course of Mr. Pierce Mahony's examination on Monday, Dec. 19, he said that his grandfather, father and himself had always been Protestants, and that although his grandfather had once had a political fight with Daniel O'Connell, M. P. (who died in 1847), they were afterwards good friends. On which Mr. Justice Johnson remarked, 'I think we have had quite enough of the family history,' a remark which caused some laughter in court. Kerry people naturally, however, take more interest in the family history of the Mahonys and O'Connells than they do in the wittiest criticisms, obiter dictum, of all Her Majesty's judges and counsels—learned in the law. I hope the following little anecdote will not be deemed by Judge Johnson to partake of the nature of that awful offense known as 'contempt of court,' nor by Mr. Pierce Mahony to be a slanderous accusation against his respected grandfather. When the great Daniel, better known as the Liberator, paid a memorable visit to Tralee immediately after his imprisonment, a large ball was given in his honor by a family residing in Denny street, relatives or connections of his. Invitations were sent out, in some cases seventeen and twenty-four miles, by mounted messengers to Dingle and its neighborhood, and every part of Kerry, to gentlemen's houses, for this triumphal festival. Only a few of the strongest Tories refused to come, the majority (of the young folks at all events), however Conservative in their politics and Protestant in their creed, basely swallowed their convictions with the capital supper and wines provided for them and danced until daylight. The hero of the evening, the Liberator, sat on a large sofa in a room adjoining the dancing room, with opened folding doors between them. As each guest or party of guests arrived they were ushered into the Liberator's presence, and formally introduced to him, and then a shake-hands took place. The whole affair of this introduction was a queer imitation of a levee, and the study of some of the lady ultra-conservatives' faces as they stiffly extended the tips of their fingers to their famous political opponent, was not a little amusing to lookers on, more bent on amusement than on politics. He wore the green velvet gold bedecked cap, shaped like a crown, made, I believe, for the meeting at Tara, and a writing table before him was covered with letters, which he read from time to time. When the dancing began in the front room and the one in which he sat became less crowded, he took up a pen and seemed to be busy answering his letters. After a little time he rose from his throne and advanced to the folding doors, where he stood looking on at the dancers and talking to one or two gentlemen too old for quadrilles, valse or other such exercises. Presently the dancing ceased and 'pairs' sat down or strolled round the room. A young lady, the daughter of Mr. James Bland, the then owner of Derriquinn Castle, sat down to rest near the folding doors, and O'Connell, who was (outside politics), always on very friendly terms with the Blands and the Herberts, her mother's family, at once began to converse with her. She congratulated him on his return to Kerry, and hoped that a few days with his hounds on the Iveragh hills would soon restore him to good spirits and good health. They chatted pleasantly for some time, and he was led on to describe the weariness of his life at Kilmainham, when Miss Bland said, 'Oh, I can well understand how glad you were as you crossed the door of your dull prison room, and felt you would soon be back again at Derrynane.' One of his wonderfully humorous smiles lit up his eyes, and curved the best feature in his face, his mouth, as he said, 'it would have been the most delightful moment of my life but for one thing. Shall I tell you what that was, that one drawback to my perfect happiness?' 'What could it have been?' asked Miss Bland (*Hibernia mores*) laughing, anticipating some fun, 'do, pray tell us.' 'Well,' answered the Liberator liberated, 'it was just this, the moment I had put my foot over the threshold of my cell and stepped into the passage outside it, on my way to the gates, three fat old attorneys fell upon my neck, threw their arms around me and kissed me, think of that! I almost wished myself back again into prison to escape their embraces.' One of those three solicitors, who were all connected with the proceedings for O'Connell's defense, was Mr. Pierce Mahony's respected grandfather, and although his famous client and friend grumbled under his ardent demonstrations of friendship in Kilmainham, there is no doubt they were very good and attached friends to the last."

BRAINS AND BONES.

The Former Belong to the New York Woman's Press Club, and the Latter Belong to the Dresses of the Fashionable.

Miss Kirk Gives Her Opinion of the Effete and Atrocious Parisian "Busk."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1893.—The New York Woman's Press Club was honored at its last meeting by the presence of Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who is doing so much to help self-supporting women to comfortable and independent homes. Mrs. Wheeler outlined her plans for the great hotel or apartment house to be built before long in New York city for this purpose. There is a good deal of money to be raised yet, and a great deal of work to be done, but Mrs. Wheeler seems to feel very little doubt of a speedy result.

Mrs. Devereux Blake, a guest of the Club, made a brief but eloquent speech on her favorite topic, and told some entertaining stories concerning Mr. Ingalls' quarrels with Mrs. Lease.

It is not often that the question of Woman's Suffrage comes up for discussion at the Press Club, but this was "Current Topics" day, and the chairman of that committee, an ardent Woman's Rightser, had an opportunity to get in her fine work. There were various noses at various angles, because there are some extremely conservative women in this brilliant society who do not approve of this especial topic.

"I am so glad you do not believe in suffrage for women," one of the dissenters remarked at the close of the meeting.

"But I do with all my heart," I replied.

"But you didn't say so when you replied to Mrs. Blake," she insisted. "You said there had been masculine ignorance enough in politics without adding feminine incompetency."

"Those are my sentiments. I do not want to see any woman in office unless she is as capable of administering it as the very best man that can be found. The theory that we might as well have a fool of a woman in office as a fool of a man does not obtain with me. But this does not alter the fact that every woman, like every man, should be free to express her intelligent desire, her prejudice or her whim, in regard to the rulers of the nation. She is one of the governed, and should have the same right of choice as her brother."

"Women are created to keep house and make homes," was the illogical response.

"Then why do they not all have homes to keep?"

"Well, I don't know about that, but every woman should marry and have children."

That settled it, and my friend turned away perfectly convinced that she had won the day.

Those of my readers who wear bones in their dresses will be rejoiced to know that there is a bone that will not break, and is so soft and so pliable as to be entirely comfortable. A waist which is fitted with these bones has no wrinkles. Ladies who make their own gowns or have them made at home, will be pleased to find that there are dressing-bone parlors in New York city, where waists can be sent and perfectly boned at short notice, and at a low price. In the finishing of a gown there is no detail so tedious and so aggravating as this one, nor one that requires more time, patience and skill. This especial process comes I believe from wide awake Michigan. Miss Leavens, one of our brightest and most popular women, a great favorite with New York and Brooklyn society women, is in charge of the parlors. Miss Leavens was also a guest of the Press Club on the occasion spoken of above.

It is not necessary now to have a skin-tight dress waist, and even the women who are very vain, and those who are very ignorant concerning the fundamental principles of physiology and hygiene find an added zest in living now that it is the fashion to breathe deeply. They tell us that Felix has endeavored to bring back the "busk" and the crinoline, but has ignominiously failed. Even French women refuse to change the present artistic and comfortable costume for the umbrella skirt and the stiff bodice. A "busk" is an instrument of torture about two inches wide and long or short according to the height of the wearer, which in the days of Marie Antoinette kept the abdominal adipose tissue out of sight. How it was disposed of was not a matter of consideration. Our Yankee grandmothers wore similar "busks" or boards made of wood, and when they had finished their churning or their washing and ironing, the stays with their "busks" and stiff bones, were put on, and the lacings drawn as tightly as those of our more modern belles.

Can it be that we shall go on to a still larger freedom? Is it possible that the majority of the women who formerly compressed their lungs, and threw the pelvic organs out of place, will not again consent to be tortured and made ill by tight lacing, should Felix and his confederates at last succeed in forcing an unhealthful and cruel style? I believe they will not, but I am an optimist you know.

Miss M. G. Anderson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is having every sort of costume made for ladies all over the United States, informs me that fully one half of her customers demand loose fits, and esthetic designs. They furnish correct measurements, and the bodies of the gowns are cut and fitted and then sent by mail to the ladies ordering them. They are tried on and if changes are necessary they are suggested, and the waist is returned to Miss Anderson for completion. Customers, especially public readers and singers—this may seem very strange, for one would suppose that they would have to breathe—who two years ago squeezed their waists into the smallest possible compass, now furnish very different measurements.

My friends seem disinclined to believe that they can have *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, a monthly magazine for women, the *Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly*, a copy of Comprehensive Physical Culture, by Miss Mabel Jenness, a book of 227 pages, and the Woman's Way to Health and Beauty, for $1 per year, but it is true. The *Home Magazine* and *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* will also be furnished for 50 cents per year.

ELEANOR KIRK.

"IRELAND A NATION."

At a banquet given in Dublin recently in celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the *Irish Daily Independent* and *Evening Herald*, Mr. John Redmond, replying to the toast of "Ireland a Nation," said:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you most heartily for the compliment which you have paid to me by asking me to respond to this toast, although I must confess that I wish quite as heartily that the duty had fallen into other hands. Gentlemen, I have often been called upon in public to respond to the toast of 'Ireland a Nation,' but I confess that I have never risen to respond to that toast without feelings of keen embarassment. This toast typifies the sentiment which has been the lifeblood of Ireland for seven centuries (cries of 'Hear, hear.') Mr. Chairman, I have heard men speaking in connection with this toast, and alluding to efforts which were on foot to make 'Ireland a Nation' but I confess I have always taken the view that that is the wrong interpretation to place upon [illegible] sentiment. I always believed, and it has always seemed to me to be the very essence of our national movement, that, as Mr. Parnell once on a memorable occasion said in the house of commons, Ireland is a nation (loud applause), and that our proudest boast is that the oppression, the suffering and degradation which has fallen on Ireland during the centuries which have passed have been unable to rob her of those distinctive marks of nationhood impressed upon her by the Almighty himself when He traced the lines of the universe and gave this island that we love a separate existence. Gentlemen, nothing, it seems to me, can rob Ireland of her nationhood. Our national movement does not rest upon grievance.

"It has ofter been said that grievance may pass away, but that Ireland's right to nationhood is imperishable (hear, hear). Not even, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, not even the danger of her own sons can ever alienate that right. No generation of Irishmen, no matter how recreant or how servile, can bind the conscience of the generations that are to come (loud and prolonged applause), or as Mr. Parnell said, 'No man, and no generation of men, can set the limit to the onward march of a nation.' It has, gentlemen, been the proudest boast of Ireland in the past, and no generation of Irishmen has been found, though God knows there have been traitors enough at all times in our ranks—no generation of Irishmen has ever been found base enough to sell the national right of Ireland for a mess of pottage, and I do not hesitate to say that I fear the generation in which we live is in greater danger of seeing that infamy perpetrated than any generation that has passed (hear, hear). It is impossible, it seems to me, to live and move, in the political life of Ireland today, without feeling, as it were by instinct, that the idea of compromise was in the air. I assert here tonight, and I assert it not in my own name, but in your name, and in the names of thousands (loud applause), that in the essential principles of this national question there ought not to be, there cannot be, and there shall not be compromise (prolonged applause). Long, long ago, by lugging her chains, Ireland could have obtained for herself comparative ease and prosperity, as, for example, Scotland obtained them, but we must remember that our forefathers preferred poverty and suffering when allied with the spirit of liberty rather than acquiesce in a disgraceful, even though a prosperous state of slavery (hear, hear).

"Gentlemen, those who think today that they have the power to compromise the national rights of Ireland are living in a fool's paradise (applause). We, at any rate, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, see our duty plainly before us, and are determined to fulfill it. By 'Ireland a Nation' we do not mean the triumph of any class or creed or section of our countrymen (loud applause). By 'Ireland a Nation' we mean civil and religious liberty for every Irishman (applause). We mean that the religion and rights of our Protestant fellow-countrymen shall remain inviolate (loud applause). We mean that Irish Catholics, having opposed one religious ascendancy, will never tolerate the erection of another religious ascendancy, even though that ascendancy should be the ascendancy of the church to which they themselves belong (loud applause). We claim the freedom of thought and of action for every man, whatever his class or creed, in Ireland, however poor or humble he may be, in political affairs; and we say to England in the words of Davis, and these shall be my last words to you tonight—'Englishmen, listen to us. Though you were tomorrow to give us the best tenures upon earth, though you were to equalize Presbyterian, Catholic, and Episcopalian, though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs, and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us worship and honor, still we tell you—we tell you in the name of liberty and country, we tell you in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls, and fearless spirits, we tell you by the past, the present and the future, we would spurn your gifts if the condition were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you one and all whom it may concern, come what may, bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war, we tell you in the name of Ireland that Ireland shall be a Nation.'" (Loud and prolonged cheers).

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

"MR. GLADSTONE'S BILL."

[To the Editor.]

TRINIDAD, Col., Jan. 12.—Your correspondent "W" falls into the same palpable, pitiable error as all those who do not thoroughly understand the subject. We have *not* to "choose between a very moderate bill or none at all." We have the making or unmaking of the English Liberal government. Gladstone's majority is an Irish majority—England went anti-Home Rule at the general elections by 120,000 majority. The Irish party—that is if we can properly designate the clericals as such—holds not alone the balance of power in the English parliament, but is also potential [illegible] for the fullest measure of Home Rule from the reigning government. It is the silliest nonsense to assert that Ireland must take a "subordinate legislature." The clerical party never tire of telling the Irish people that Gladstone's Home Rule bill will be a "final and satisfactory" measure. But will it, if it be, as "W" states, subordinate? A "subordinate" parliament will not solve the difficulty. It is a craven doctrine to preach that we must accept a minimum of our right when we have power in our hands to obtain the maximum.

Does "W," and others, know that Ireland pays ten thousand pounds sterling over and above her just contribution to the imperial exchequer every day the sun rises over Kickham's Slievenamon? Does he know that she has been paying this since 1856, when Mr. Gladstone established his unique system of felonious finance? Does he know that under the bill of 1886 Ireland was to be allowed the magnificent sum of £404,000 annually to carry on the government of the country? But, it will be urged, Parnell accepted the principle of Gladstone's bill, but not the details. Anyone who knows anything of English parliamentary procedure knows that bills are made or killed in committee, and it was in committee Mr. Parnell meant to carry through all the desirable points of the measure.

Let the people elect the magistrates; but in Heaven's name let us not at this time, as Mr. Davitt, the unseated and very loyal member for North Meath has industriously done, go to work and manufacture "special constables" for England in Ireland in the guise of magistrates. Who ever saw an Irish magistrate who wasn't the most contemptible and wretched *shoneen* on God's footstool?

And then "W" would have a scheme of "federation." Well, well! There are some people in this world who, if owed $1,000 would take $200 when they could easily get the full amount and sing peans of thankfulness and gratitude. Heaven forbid Ireland was like that. Ireland does not crave for mercy; she demands her right. Self-government is her right first, last and all the time. And I thank the god of Justice that there is one party in Ireland who recognizes and appreciates this fact. The cowards and traitors may preach from other texts and strive to inculcate other doctrines, but the sturdy, independent manhood of Ireland—the brawn and muscle of the country—will have none of them. Let them make their special constables, and at the same time poison such men as John Daly and Dr. Gallagher [illegible] who believe with Parnell that [illegible] to the aspirations of [illegible] Irishman and Irishwoman [illegible] and English [illegible] Ireland was made for all the Irish, not a section or a creed or a class. While [illegible] such men as these will not be [illegible] [illegible] they will not be [illegible] [illegible] outs and [illegible] [illegible] sentiment.

[illegible] DONEGAN.

"Now [illegible] made [illegible] Sarsaparilla [illegible] blood [illegible] would do well [illegible]

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

The state of Charlemont during Edmund O'Tracy's short sojourn there may easily be imagined. The popular excitement was intense. Only a few months before, the bridge of Portadown, about eight or ten miles off, had witnessed the massacre of many Protestants in retaliation for the thousands of Catholics slain in like manner by the garrison of Carrickfergus. The first red period of bloodshed was over, but the cry for vengeance was still loud. There had been some massacres recently perpetrated by the Scotch in Antrim and Down, who were resolved to make no prisoners. "Blood for blood!" was the cry of many of the Irish. Lord Caulfield and many other prisoners were detained at Charlemont; many of the more hot-headed Irish demanded and agitated for their immolation—hence the secret of the commotion in the town.

"Heavens above, comrades!" Edmund heard one man exclaim in the streets, "shall it be that these Sassenach and Albanach bodaghs shall be left unharmed while their countrymen are murdering our innocent people in cold blood elsewhere? Too long they've hanged us and imprisoned us, slit our noses, bored our ears, burnt our tongues, and scourged us like dogs. Too long they've hunted our soggarths and persecuted our faith. But now a day of reckoning has arrived. Vengeance on the accursed crew! Death to the Undertakers!"

"Death to the Undertakers!" echoed the crowd of angry listeners, and weapons were brandished in the air.

Edmund's anxiety amounted to alarm when he saw a number of these very men, under the command of a leader more dangerous-looking than any of them, forming part of the escort of Lord Caulfield and the other prisoners. He intimated his fears to Miles O'Reilly, and the latter said:

"I don't half like the look of all this, but it can't be helped. That dark-visaged captain is the foster-brother of Sir Phelim O'Neill—one Edmund Boy O'Hugh—so you see we must fain put up with his company. But keep your eye on the fellow, and report to me if you think necessary."

However, despite those apprehensions the whole party, prisoners and escort, rode tranqually out of Claremont that evening to commence their journey to Cloughoughter. After going some miles a halt was called at a roadside hostelry for refreshment, and, among others, Lord Caulfield himself dismounted and took his seat at a small table before the inn. Edmund had heard the story of Sir Phelim's stratagem in capturing Charlemont—a stratagem afterwards practiced by the Scotch General Monroe in Dunluce castle—viz, inviting himself and some of his companions in the plot to dinner, and arresting his host at his own table. He now gazed stealthily at the governor, on whom the successful trick had been played. Lord Caulfield, he saw, was an elderly man of grave and dignified bearing, who bore his captivity with quiet resignation.

Suddenly, to Edmund's surprise, the insurgent captain alludgd to came and sat deliberately on a seat opposite to the ex-governor of Claremont, leant his arms on the table that stood between them, and with a malicious grin stared in his face.

"Now, dog!" he began, in a snarling tone of triumph, after looking round to make sure there was none listening or observing, "now, dog, where are you? Where are your castle and lands, your horses and hounds, your gold and silver *now?* Your day is past, you accursed bodagh. Do you remember the day you flogged me in the market-place of Charlemont? Didn't I tell you you'd curse and rue the day you raised a whip to Ned O'Hugh? You rue it now, you do! And to add to your sorrow, you infernal bodagh, take that!"

The ruffian speaker leaned over the table and spit into the face of the captive lord.

Edmund O'Tracy started forward, pale with rage and anger. But that instant there was a surprising change in the manner of Lord Caulfield. With flashing eyes he leaped to his feet, snatched a heavy tankard from the table, and hurled it at his insulter. His aim was a sure one. O'Hugh received the missile with great violence on the side of the head, and rolled over on the snowy ground, his blood flowing freely from wound. Whatever Lord Caulfield's previous faults might have been, our hero felt like adoring him for that act.

The fallen man arose, half stunned, and immediatlely drew a large horse-pistol from his belt, but O'Tracy seized his arm ere he could use it. O'Hugh, with a fierce oath, endeavored to shake him off, but in vaim, and together the two struggled for the possession of the deadly weapon.

"Hallo! what means all this?" cried the voice of Miles the Slasher.

"Yon scoundrelly lord has struck me!" shouted O'Hugh passionately, but at the same time relinquishing his hold of the pistol.

"Aye, but you insulted him first—I saw it," exclaimed Edmund.

O'Hugh flashed a glance of fiendish malice at the speaker, and bit his lip in savage silence. Lord Caulfield calmly related the circumstances, while the Slasher listened with gathering anger, his eyes fixed on the sullen visage of the originator of the disturbance.

"Listen, O'Hugh," said the Slasher, as soon as he had heard all. "You happen to be the foster-brother of the commander-in-chief, and that saves you for the present. Out of respect for Sir Phelim, I cannot hang you, and, besides, you hold the rank of captain. But take back your pistol, and when we reach our journey's end we will arrange this matter between us—sword or pistol, as you wish—though *m'anam an diaoul*, I must lower myself to meet you."

O'Hugh slunk away with a bitter oath of vengeance under his breath, endeavoring to staunch the blood from the wound in his head; and in a few moments the cavalcade was on its way once more.

Soon afterwards the party was riding along the bank of the Blackwater, and Sir Phelim O'Neill's ancestral castle of Kinard (now Caledon), where the insurrection had been plotted and debated on for so many months, rose toweringly in front, with the Red Hand of Ulster floating from its highest turret. The horsemen halted at its chief entrance, and, after an exchange of salutations between them and the guards on the battlements, the great oaken gates, rolled back on their hinges.

Suddenly the sharp crack of a pistol rang out on the clear air of the winter evening. Lord Caulfield threw up his arms and fell from his saddle, ere any one could put out his arms to arrest his fall. He was shot through the head.

"I am revenged!" yelled a voice, in savage exultation; and a horseman, with a smoking pistol brandished in his hand, broke away from the party, galloping back on the road he had come. It was O'Hugh.

"After him!" shouted the Slasher;—"on your lives, let him not escape."

A dozen horsemen dashed off in pursuit of the assassin, among them Edmund O'Tracy, who soon took the lead of the rest. It seemed, however, as if the fugitive would make good his escape, for the horse he rode was a powerful one. But all at once the animal stumbled and fell on the slippery snow, and the rider had scarce disentangled himself and gained his feet when the foremost pursuer's hand was on his collar and the muzzle of his pistol staring him in the face.

"Surrender, or I fire!"

The captured assassin turned upon O'Tracy a glare of the most appalling hatred, and ground his teeth in impotent fury.

"So it's you, you whelp of evil," he hissed; "and it is the second time you've crossed my path today. Beware! As sure as my ememy yonder lies in his gore by this hand, so sure will you when the time comes."

Other horsemen coming up, O'Hugh was secured and led back to the scene of his crime. The escort was nearly all dismounted, standing in a group around the dead body of Lord Caulfield, which lay face upwards on the snow.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Miles O'Reilly, vehemently, as the murderer was led before him. "Are you a devil in human form? Come here, wretch, and gloat your evil eyes on the body of your victim. See, this black deed will be reckoned one of the greatest stains on our holy cause—*cead mile mallacht* on the hand that did it!"

The Slasher was pale with emotion, and spoke in a hoarse and hollow voice. The perpetrator of the crime stood trembling, deserted by all his fury and bravado.

"But the murder shall not remain long unpunished," continued O'Reilly:—"ho! some of you fetch a confessor for the culprit; let him be shrived where he stands. Fetch ye also a rope—yonder tree shall bear strange fruit ere an hour passes."

O'Hugh threw himself on his knees and uttered a wild and confused appeal for mercy.

"Mercy! mercy!" he shrieked:—"give me a week—a day—a few hours, for heaven's sake!"

Heartsick at the painful scene, O'Tracy appealed to the Slasher to postpone the execution. And after some hesitation the latter acquiesced, and addressed the murderer in impressive accents:

"Listen, O'Hugh; a few hours delay will make but little difference to you, save in the way of preparing your soul for its transit. I am unused to the office of hangman, and will forego it for the present; but if ever there was a man cast for death, you are that man."

This reprieve proved rather an unlucky one for him at whose intercession it was granted. As Edmund saw O'Hugh led a prisoner into the castle, he felt an inward presentiment that the wretch would live to keep his vow of vengeance against him—that in the murderer of the unfortunate Caulfield he had found a most ferocious and malevolent enemy.

It will not do to leave the reader in oblivion as to O'Hugh. That worthy was after some days transmitted from Kinard to Armagh jail, to be tried for the murder of Lord Caulfield. He escaped from the latter place, and Sir Phelim O'Neill had the sentry placed over him hanged for neglect, and also hanged and beheaded six other persons accused of implication in a plot to murder Lord Caulfield. But to continue:

The corpse of Lord Caulfield was borne into the castle and laid in one of the rooms. The sanguinary event just described cast a gloom over the habitation, and the Slasher's little detachment of dragoons were not sorry when early on the following morning—raw and chilly morning though it was—they heard their trumpeter sounding the reveille, and when, after a hasty breakfast, they rode out of the gateway of Kinard, on their way to Cloughoughter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOME OF THE O'REILLY'S.

"Righ-tigherna na ruathar n-garbh
O'Raghallaigh na ruadh-arm,
Do Cluintear aoibh a órghuth
Os Muintir Maoil-miu-Mordha.

Royal lord of rough incursions
Is O'Reilly of red weapons;
The deliciousness of his golden voice is heard
Over the polished clan of Maelmora."

The winter evening was drawing rapidly to a close as the party of Irish dragoons approached the end of their journey. Their route now lay through a long avenue of stately trees, whose frosted branches closed overhead, sending down sparkling showers of powdery frost at every breath of wind that shook them. The sky was changeable as ever was Irish sky. Now came skurrying huge masses of clouds, each sending down its shower of flying snow or rattling hail as it passed; and now the red rays of the declining sun shot through the lofty vistas of the wood, striking the gloomy recesses as with the wands of magicians, converting them into wondrous fairy palaces of light.

Just as the red sun was shooting his last fiery arrows from his dark fortress of cloud, the party of cavalry came in sight of Lough Oughter. The lough, even under that winter sunset, and with its girdle of hills wrapped in a mantle of snow, presented a lovely picture. The waters glanced and sparkled in the crimson radiance, which made the ruined abbey on historic Trinity Island and the lordly Castle of Cloughoughter itself look like enchanted mansions sprung from the bosom of the lake by some subtle spell of faerie. The distant surrounding hills loomed spectre-like through the gray evening mist.

The party dismounted at some buildings on the shore of the lough. Here also they procured boats to carry them to the island stronghold. They were soon afloat, and, as the oars, lustily pulled, rose and fell on the sparkling water, Edmund O'Tracy gazed with admiring interest on the famous stone fortress of East Breffny, the historic Cloch-Locha-Uachtair (the rock of the upper lake).

The ancient fortalice of the O'Reillys stood about a mile from the shore, on an island said to have been formed crannoge-wise, by dropping stones in the lake. It was a high tower, surrounded by some minor buildings, which covered the entire of the islet, castellated, irregular, and picturesque. The tower was round in form—it has been compared to Reginald's Tower, in Waterford, Hook Tower in the county Wexford, and the keep of Dundrum Castle—and was covered with a thick matting of ivy, the strong roots of which had quite penetrated the massive walls.

Such was the Castle of Cloughoughter, built in a lake which had contained the strongholds of the Breffnians ever since the monarch Donald O'Neill, in the middle of the tenth century, plundered its islands in his war with Fergall O'Rourke, king of Connacht—ever since Clarus O'Mulconry, in the thirteenth century, brought his white canons hither from Roscommon, and Cathal O'Reilly built the Abbey of the Holy Trinity for them. The Castle of Tullymongan, east of Cavan town, was, indeed, O'Reilly's chief residence, and Tullyvin Castle was also a favorite abode of the Breffnian princes; but this did not rob the celebrated lake fortress of any of its importance.

The boats soon glided beneath the shadow of the ivied walls of the castle. At the open portal of Cloughoughter, the centre of a crowd of soldiers and servitors, stood a tall and well-made gentleman, of graceful bearing and elegant address, who accorded Miles O'Reilly, and O'Tracy also, upon introduction, a cordial welcome, exclaiming:

"*Cead mile failte* to Cloughoughter!"

This was the courtly, gallant, and humane representative of the Clan Raghallaigh, namely, Col. Philip O'Reilly. The colonel was rather past his prime, but his features had not yet lost the bronze which he had gallantly won on the battlefields of Flanders in the ranks of the Spanish army. He had been one of the first to listen to the bold design of Rory O'Moore, whom he met while attending the previous year's parliament in Dublin. The military talent he had acquired on the continent served his country well; for when he and his younger brother, Miles—a namesake of the Slasher, and then sheriff of Cavan—summoned the Breffnian clans to arms on the advent of the famous "24th," the strong castles of Killeagh and Crohan fell before them, as did also the Undertakers' town of Belturbet, whose "cagework" houses had aroused the admiration of the government surveyor, Pynnar, twenty years before. The Hamiltons, Craigs, Elliots, and the other men of the "Plantation," fled from the district; but those of them who remained behind were most humanely protected, with their wives and children, by the brave O'Reilly.

Cloughoughter Castle, which the clan Reilly in a former century had wrested from the Red Earl of Ulster, was now again recovered by them from the Undertaker in possession, one Capt. Arthur Culme; and thither Philip O'Reilly had removed from his own castle of Ballynacargy; and so the O'Reillys had "their own again."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANANHAIN.]

An méad a dubhairt sé ni shásóchadh i, agus mar bhíonn a m-bealach féin ag na mnáibh i g-cómhnuidhe, bhí a bealach féin aici-sean, agus thiomáin sí Goillis uaithi, ag cur impidhe air imtheacht leis féin, ag iarraidh rud le n-ithe. Bhí faitchios mór air Ghoillis, acht ní raibh aon mhaith i g-caint, agus b'éigin dó imtheacht.

Luidh sise síos faoi chrann mór, agus thuit sí 'nna codladh, agus thriall seisean trid an g-coill mhóir dhuibh, ag iarraidh tighe no bothán no áite éigin ann a bhfuigheadh sé biadh le n-ithe, acht ní fhaca sé dadamh.

'R éis trí no ceithre uaire ann sin, nuair bhí sé tuirseach, agus nuair nach bhfaca sé aon chosamhlacht duine, no tighe na áite-cómhnuidhe, d'fhill sé le trioblóid mhóir ann a chroidhe air ais do'n áit ann ar fhág sé a mháighistreas, acht ní raibh sí ann.

Fuair sé an áit ceart go leor, agus d'aithnigh sé an crann mór faoi na raibh sí 'una luidhe, acht ní raibh sí féin le feicsint ann áit air bith. Ghlaodh sé, acht ní bhfuair sé aon fhreagradh; ghlaodh sé níos áirde, acht níor chualaidh sé dadamh acht an macalla amcasg na g-crann mór ag tabhairt freagartha dhó.

Bhí sé réidh le fághail bháis le brón agus le faitchios, agus bhí an oidhche ag teacht air, agus níor fheud sé dadamh dheunamh go dtí an mhaidin. Luidh sé féin faoi an g-crann ceudna, acht go deimhin budh bheag é an codladh a fuair sé. Is éigin dó fanamhaint ann sin air feadh móran uair, agus b'fhaide leis gach móimid 'ná uair, agus gach uair 'ná lá.

D'eirigh an ghrian air deire agus is é bith luthghnásach nuair chonnaire sé an cheud sholas an Luibh shiar de. D'éirigh sé air an m-ball agus thosuigh sé ag cuartughadh thimchioll an chrainn mhóir ag feuchaint an bhfeicfeadh sé cosamhlacht air bith d'á bhaile-tighearna. Fuair sé, sighe bheag ó'n g-crann, an clairsiúr do bhí air a muineul, agus ceann d'á lámhannaibh, acht níor fheud sé aon rud eile thabhairt faoi deara. Thosuigh sé ag breathnughadh go geur air an talamh ann sin, agus ní raibh sé a bhfad ag cromadh síos agus ag dearcadh, no go bhfaca sé lorg coise móire, coise do bhí an-mhór, annsan bhfeur boig, agus shaoil sé go raibh an áit rud beag breaghte síos. Chrom sé é féin síos air an talamh arís agus lean sé d'á chuartughadh, go bhfuair sé lorg na coise móire sin ag teacht ó cheart-lár na coille, suas chum an chrainn faoi a raibh an bhean og 'nna codladh, agus ag dul air ais arís do'n áit chendua.

Cia b'é diabhal no duine a raibh an chos sin aige ar sé, ann a intinn féin, tá me cinnte gur b'eisean thug mo mháighistreas leis, agus leanfaidh me é, cia b'é áit a bhfuil sé dul. Chrom sé síos arís agus chuaidh sé ag smeuracht air fud na g-crann, no go bhfuair sé an lorg ag dul asteach annsan áit budh tíogha, agus budh dhuibhe de'n g-coill, agus lean sé é asteach amcasg na gcrann árd, le trí mhile no níos mó, no go dtáinig sé go mólnfheur cothrom, gan chrann no sgeach ag fás ann, agus bhí abhann leathan uisge ag rith trid an mhólnfheur, agus air an taobh budh fhaide uaidh de'n abhainn, chonnaire sé pálás mór geal, chomh geal leis an aol, agus ceithre tuir mhóra ag na ceithre coirneulaibh, agus geata mór árd láidir práis ann, agus bhí trí fuinneoga ann gach tor aca, agus bhí barraidh faraínn trasna air gach fuinneoig aca, agus chualaidh se gol agus caoinedh agus osnadha teacht amach asta, acht bhí sé ro fhada uatha le h-aithne creud do bhí ag caoineadh, ar daoine no beathaigh do bhí ann.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these States a center of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the States, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

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SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

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For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great polut for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLEY" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39. Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

TO LOOK AT THE SLUMS

Four Cities Selected by the Bureau of Labor.

THE GOOD SHOWING OF BALTIMORE.

Entire Absence of Slum Sections in That City—Chicago, New York and Philadelphia the Other Cities To Be Investigated—Discovery at the Capital City of the King of the Ghouls—Three Hundred and Forty Corpses Resurrected.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Chicago is to have its slums investigated by the government bureau of labor. Commissioner Carroll D. Wright said Monday that one of his agents had made a trip through the country to ascertain which cities would afford the best opportunities for investigating slum districts. Preliminary reports had been received showing that New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Baltimore offered the best field for inquiry. Mr. Wright had therefore concluded to restrict his investigations to these four cities, as he has only $20,000 available from congress and the sum would not be sufficient to cover an inquiry in smaller cities.

No Slums in Baltimore.

He says that New York is selected because it is the great maritime metropolis. Chicago is taken as representing the typical inland metropolis. Philadelphia is a city where the slums are not as marked as they are in New York or Chicago. The city is a type of those which is half way between the absolute freedom of slums and the extensive prevalence of low conditions. Baltimore is chosen because of the entire absence of slum sections in that city. In this respect Mr. Wright says that Baltimore has an enviable standing. He also says that the slum sections of New York and Chicago have exact geographical limits which can be defined on a map. In this respect these cities differ from Philadelphia where the slums are distributed thinly over the entire city.

Slum Limits Mapped Out.

By taking the two large cities Mr. Wright expects to show the characteristics of inland slums and seaport slums, while Philadelphia and Baltimore will show the characteristics of cities partially and wholly free from slums. The commissioner has already mapped out the slums limits and the main points of crime and destitution of Chicago and New York. He will next forward to the local authorities a series of questions as to the extent of vice and poverty in these sections. This official information will be supplemented by close personal inspection by bureau officials. Mr. H. H. Spofford, one of the bureau inspectors, has made a tour of the slum centers of the country, but this was merely for the purpose of securing data from which Commissioner Wright could pick out the cities which would give the best field for investigation.

KING OF THE GHOULS.

A Washington Negro Who Has Resurrected 340 Corpses in a Year.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The New York Advertiser's correspondent telegraphs his paper as follows: The brief dispatch in The Advertiser Monday telling of the grave robbers at work was fully corroborated two hours later when George W. Marlowe, the "King of the Ghouls," delivered four bodies to three colleges. This was verified by the watchers on duty. Late Monday morning Marlowe himself admitted to a reporter, who called at his home and represented that he was a doctor in search of "subjects," that he had robbed the graves with the assistance of three stalwart sons. He lives at 237 Fourteenth street, N. E. He is a heavy-set negro, with sharp features, a heavy black mustache and long mutton-chop whiskers. He made the astounding statement that he was regularly engaged in the business of body snatching and shipped his ghastly booty to numerous points throughout the country.

A Comfortable Income.

From the calculation made, Marlowe's income must exceed $5,000 per annum. Fifteen dollars per subject is the ruling price in Washington colleges, and $25 for bodies shipped to points outside. In Washington the students pay $18 for each cadaver, leaving a profit of $3 for the demonstrator. Marlowe said that he supplied at regular intervals the dissecting material for the medical department of the Columbian university, the Georgetown University Medical college, the Howard University Medical college and the National University Medical college. All these, but the last named, were supplied Monday morning. Two dead women to Georgetown, one dead man to the Columbian and one dead woman to the Howard. During the past year, said Marlowe, in the course of the interview, "I resurrected and sold 340 subjects. Of these only 170 came from Potters' field."

Attack on Civil Service Reform.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Dearmond, Democrat of Missouri, has introduced in the house a bill to suspend during the first year of each presidential term all civil service laws, rules and regulations, in so far as they do, or might, restrict or interfere with the free exercise by the president or heads of departments of the power to remove or appoint officers or employes of the government. A preamble to the bill says that no administration can fully and satisfactorily carry its policies into execution if a large portion of the subordinate officers are hostile to such policies.

To Suspend Silver Purchases.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Senator Sherman, from the finance committee, reported to the senate a bill to suspend silver purchases after Jan. 1, 1894, and allow national banks to issue circulating notes to the full value of bonds deposited. It was placed on the calendar.

New Bank at Muskegon.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The National Lumberman's bank of Muskegon, Mich., has been authorized to begin business with a capital of $100,000.

Latest Price of Silver.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The treasury department Monday purchased 37,000 ounces of silver at from $0.84 to $0.8405.

Babe Frozen in Its Mother's Arms.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Jan. 17.—A little child of David McCracken, of Logan's Ferry, was frozen to death Friday. The baby was 2 months old. Mrs. McCracken, wrapping the child up, started to walk to Parnassus, a distance of two miles. When she arrived there the babe was frozen stiff.

LOOKS BAD FOR HARRIS.

Judgement Convicting Him of Murder Upheld by the Court of Appeals.

ALBANY, Jan. 17.—The court of appeals has affirmed the judgment of the lower court in the case of the People vs. Carlyle W. Harris, appellant. This was an appeal from a judgment convicting Harris

CARLYLE W. HARRIS.

of murder in the first degree. The defendant who was a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city, was indicted by the grand jury in New York city in February last for causing the death of Helen Neil-Potts, a student at the Comstock Boarding School for Young Ladies in New York city. Harris gave her six capsules containing morphine and quinine as a cure for headache, some of which she took, causing her death. Harris was secretly married to the girl under an assumed name several months before she died and the capsules were given her by Harris a short time before the day set by the girl's mother for a public marriage.

SCHRADER IS A RASCAL.

He Robs Right and Left and Then Skips Out.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 17.—The wife of Herman Schrader, the latest building association attorney to disappear, said Monday that she did not know where her husband had gone. She is left in destitute circumstances. It developed Monday that Schrader stole his mother's farm, a valuable one, in Butler county. Schrader forged his mother's on a paper giving him power of attorney, and traded the land for a valuable leasehold on Pearl street. Mrs. Schrader, the deserted wife, now claims this leasehold, and there will be a legal contest for it.

Found To Be Forgeries.

The mortgages filed by Schrader in the county recorder's office are all found to be forgeries. The officials of the Star No. 3, Burnet Woods, Ninth Ward and Elmont building associations are busily figuring their respective losses. They now aggregate $12,000 and are growing. The amount Schrader pilfered from his mother was $10,000. There are reasonable grounds for the supposition that Schrader has committed suicide. The fact that he obtained a life policy a short time prior to his departure gives color to the theory. In a letter of confession, written to his mother, he said he intended to end his life.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES ILL.

Attacked with Light Strokes of Neuralgia of the Heart.

FREMONT, O., Jan. 17.—Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes has been quite ill with neuralgia of the heart since Saturday, but not until late Monday afternoon did he let it be known, and now only a few are acquainted with the fact. The ex-president left a week ago Monday on a trip to Columbus, Buffalo, and Cleveland. At Cleveland Saturday while visiting his son Webb he was stricken. Although quite sick he came that evening to the city. Dr. Hilbish the attending physician, was seen and he stated that for some time past the ex-president had been attacked with a few light strokes of neuralgia of the heart, and that the one at Cleveland had been quite severe, but Sunday he partly recovered, though as yet he is not completely out of danger.

Collapse of a Warehouse.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17.—Without any other warning than a fall of snow from the roof and a rumbling noise, the four-story paper warehouse of Martin & W. H. Nixon, 515 and 517 Commerce street, collapsed just before 6 o'clock Monday night. Several men were in the building at the time. Three of them were buried in the ruins and one man was injured in making his escape. The dead are: John McKenna, aged 28 years, living on Mount Holly avenue; Augustus W. Marker, foreman, aged 51 years, residing at 315 North Eleventh street; Joseph Wallace, packer, aged 47 years, 112 Elfreth street.

Fugitive from Justice.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 17.—John R. McFee of Norton & McFee, attorneys, is a fugitive from justice, having left behind him forged paper to the amount of several thousand dollars. It is said his forgeries aggregate in excess of $5,000, and the name of ex-Judge Norton, his partner, was forged in all cases. McFee is 30 years of age and came here three years ago from Baltimore. He is married and moved in the most exclusive circles here. He was prominent in Democratic circles and was a candidate for representative last fall. He played the races and faro heavily.

Girl Burned to Death.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Annie Myer, a comely Hungarian girl of 17 years, was burned alive Monday afternoon in the house 35 East Seventh street, where she had been employed as a domestic. How the fatal accident happened is not known, as the girl was alone in the house at the time. It is supposed that she went down to the cellar to fix the fire in the furnace. Shreds of burnt clothing were scattered about the cellar and finger marks were on the framework of the window, showing that she must have fought desperately to get out of the cellar.

Fire at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 17.—Fire which broke out at 1 a. m. completely destroyed the large three-story brick building at Seventh and Central streets occupied by three firms. Peake Manufacturing company, losses $20,000; Rigby & Ramsey, bookbinders, loss $15,000; Horne Paper Box factory, loss $8,000. With the building the loss will be $60,000.

New Trial for Dr. Graves.

DENVER, Jan. 17.—Dr. Graves was Tuesday granted a new trial by a decision of the supreme court.

DIED BY ELECTRICITY.

Woman Killer Executed at Clinton Prison, New York.

THE CRIME FOR WHICH HE DIED.

He Killed a Woman by Beating Her Over the Head with a Brass Bar, Stabbing Her, and Then Cutting Her Throat—Sensational Testimony Given by Cook Gallagher in the Homestead Poisoning Cases at Pittsburg.

DANNEMORA, N. Y., Jan. 16.—Kornel Loth, the murderer of Mrs. Demacsek, met death by electricity at Clinton prison at 11:57 o'clock Monday morning.

In the court of oyer and terminer at Schenectady on the afternoon of Nov. 3, 1892, Kornel E. Loth was convicted of the murder of Mrs. Demacsek. He was sentenced Dec. 2 to be executed at Clinton prison, Dannemora, during the week beginning Jan. 16, 1893. The history of the crime for which he was condemned is as follows: At midday on Tuesday, June 14, Mrs. Alexander Demacsk, a comely young woman, was murdered in her house, 106 Rotterdam street, Schenectady. Her skull was crushed in and her body received many stabs. Gussie Frisch, a little girl who chanced to go to the house, found the dead woman and at the same time saw a man run out of the door and up the street.

Proved an Alibi.

The murdered woman's husband was at work at the Edison shops when the deed was done, but he insinuated that John Feltenheimer, a former boarder had committed it. Feltenheimer was taken before the police justice but he proved an alibi, showing that he was working at the locomotive shops. Then Feltenheimer set to work as a detective to catch the real murderer. He followed up clews of which the police knew nothing and then went down to New York. He told his suspicions at police headquarters there and Detective Nugent of the Mulberry Police station was detailed to assist him. On Friday July 15, Kornel E. Loth, a young Hungarian, was arrested at the brass foundry of John William, 544 West Twenty-seventh street. He was charged with the murder. The following Monday he was brought to Schenectady. The day following his arrest he made a full confession to District Attorney Naylon and Assistant Chief of Police De Forest. In this he said he was deeply in debt to Alexander Demacsek, who promised not only to forgive the debt but to pay him well if he would kill Mrs. Demacsek.

Committed the Murder.

He refused at first, but at last consented, and taking the midnight train from New York, arrived on the morning of June 14. He went directly to Demacsek's house. A plasterer was at work there, so he spent the morning with the woman, and when noon came she gave him dinner. As soon as the plasterer went away he rushed upon the woman, beat in her head with a brass bar he had brought for the purpose, stabbed her, then cut her throat and fled from the house as Gussie knocked at the door. Demacsek was arrested on the strength of Loth's statement, but the grand jury refused to indict him, and he was discharged from custody. Loth afterward acknowledged that his "confession" was untrue. He was 26 years old, a Roman Catholic, and unmarried.

HOMESTEAD POISONING CASES.

Cook Gallagher Tells of His Connection in the Affair.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 16.—Judge Stowe's branch of the criminal court was thronged Monday morning long before his honor and the principals in the Dempsey trial had their appearance. It is not likely that the taking of testimony in this case will be completed before Wednesday, and a verdict is not expected before Thursday. At the close of Dempsey's trial Jack Clifford's case will be called, and from this on until the end of the term one branch of the criminal court will be entirely devoted to the Homestead cases.

Cook Gallagher's Story.

Patrick Gallagher, the self-confessed prisoner, Monday very calmly told the story of his connection with the case. He said: "I first saw Dempsey last August at 66 Third avenue in Knights of Labor hall. Robert Beatty and James Davidson were with me. Beatty said to Dempsey, 'These are the two men.' Dempsey said to me and Davidson: 'I suppose you know what we want?' We said we knew a little about it. Dempsey then said: 'We want to get the men in the Homestead mill on the trot.' Beatty then spoke about using croton oil. Me and Davidson said we would use it. Dempsey then spoke about breaking a street car strike in Chicago. He said powders had been used; that if we would use these powders in the Homestead mill it would make the men sick and that we could break the strike in about ten days. Dempsey told us that he would guarantee us $50 apiece.

Used the Powders.

"After coming out I met Mr. Lindsey of the Carnegie company; got a job and went to work as second cook in the mill on Aug. 30. Before going there Dempsey said he would furnish me with powders to put in the food furnished to the men in the mill. Dempsey told me that the powders had been tried on a Pole or Hungarian; that they made him sick. I got the first three powders on Sept. 7 or 8. A bottle containing thre powders was given to me by Hugh Dempsey, who also gave instructions how to use them. The powder was dark yellow. The day following I put one powder into thirty gallons of soup. The next day I put one powder into thirty gallons of tea and the third powder was used the same way. I then got nine powders from James Davidson and used some of them, giving the others to Alex McCorn, another cook. I used these powders in the tea."

Short in His Accounts.

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Jan. 16.—Quite a sensation was caused in St. Joseph by the public announcement that J. N. Mittleberger, treasurer of St. Charles county, is $16,000 short in his accounts. Treasurer Mittleberger will make good the amount but it will leave him a poor man. His friends say that the shortage occurred through no dishonest motives.

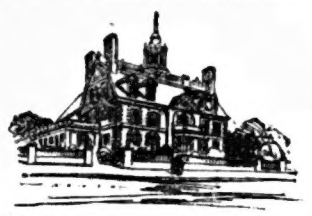
In Favor of a Permanent Census Bureau.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The house committee on the eleventh census adopted a resolution declaring in favor of a permanent census bureau and authorized Wilcox of Connecticut, chairman of the committee, to appoint a sub-committee to draft a bill for this purpose and submit it to the full committee at the next meeting.

THE WATCHMAN WAS DRUNK.

Fire in the Massachusetts Building at the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—Had it not been for the prompt action of the Columbian guard Sunday night the handsome Massachusetts state building at Jackson park would have been in ashes now. About midnight one of the guards detected the odor of smoke in



THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING AT CHICAGO

the locality of the Massachusetts building, but being aware that dozens of huge salamanders were being constantly used in the building he paid no particular attention to it. When passing the building a few minutes later, however, the smell of fresh burning wood attracted his attention.

Both Men Were Drunk.

On investigation he discovered that one of the salamanders had been upset and had ignited the oily wood flooring. In a very short time three engines were on the scene, and after a hard fight the flames was extinguished. An effort was then made to find John Bretney, the watchman of the building, and after a two hours' search he was found with a fellow-watchman, both helplessly drunk, in the New Jersey building, nearly five blocks away from his post. Both men were promptly arrested and were Monday morning fined $10 and costs by Justice Porter of the Hyde Park Police station.

REAR-END COLLISION.

Engine, with Snow Plow Attached, Crashes into a Passenger.

DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 13.—About 5 o'clock Friday morning a snow plow on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad ran into the rear of a passenger train that was stuck in the snow near Storey City, on the Des Moines and Webster City branch. The rear coach, which was nearly filled with passengers, was reduced to kindling wood. Several passengers were injured but no one was killed. The male passengers after smashing their way out of the wrecked coach with broken seats burst in the windows and rescued the ladies, many of whom had fainted.

Musin, the Violinist, Hurt.

When all were rescued the passengers walked back to Storey City and remained until a special train was made up to bring them to Des Moines. Among the passengers was a traveling man named Zeeke, representing Prouty & Pratt of this city, who was badly hurt. He was brought to this city. John Morris, also of Des Moines, had his hip and head badly injured. Ovide Musin, the violinist, was so severely injured as to compel him to cancel all dates for his troupe. There were about twenty traveling men on the train, three of whom were badly injured and were left at Storey City.

DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES.

Naval Cadets at Annapolis Put Out a Fire in a Residence

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan. 16.—Naval cadets Sunday afternoon under command of Lieutenant J. M. Bowyer put out a fire in a house near the naval academy. Moulton K. Johnson of Ohio mounted a ladder which was supported by other cadets between darting flames, taking a hose line with him, which at the same time was drenching with water of almost arctic coldness, and reaching the mansard roof kicked in a window, leaped into the burning building and begun playing upon the fire, and maintained his ground until the flames were extinguished. The other naval cadets who had hazardous work to do were Maurice B. Peugnet of Missouri, Stanley P. Dennett of Maine, Randolph Ridgely of Georgia, Andrew M. Proctor of Kentucky, Edwin H. Delaney of Tennessee and Mason E. Mitchell of Arkansas.

Carried Out His Threat.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Jan. 13.—While Sheriff Lee was conveying four handcuffed prisoners across the river at Cummins Ed Taylor, one of the prisoners caused the boat to capsize while in the middle of the stream. Taylor and his partner, Walker Wooden, were drowned. The sheriff and the remaining prisoners had a narrow escape from a watery grave. Taylor had sworn that he would never be taken to the workhouse alive and in carrying out his threat caused the death of himself and Wooden.

Panic at a Church Fire.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 16.—An exciting scene occurred here Sunday night in Grace Episcopal church, when the Christmas decorations, evergreens and other inflammable matter caught fire from a gas jet. The church was crowded and a panic ensued. The narrow doorway became blocked and many ladies were overcome with fright and fainted. Some of the cooler heads among the men comprehended the situation and succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

Misunderstanding of Orders.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 16.—An eastbound through passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a freight train at Latrobe, Pa., forty miles from this city, about 3 o'clock Monday morning. Fireman Letsinger was instantly killed and Engineer Cannot was seriously injured. It is reported that several passengers were hurt. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of orders by the freight train crew.

Illinois Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The president has sent to the senate the following nominations of Illinois postmasters: Charles H. Sneed, Benton; Andrew S. McDowell, Clayton; Frank H. Bangs, Chatsworth; Jacob T. Moss, Rogers Park; Josiah Baker, Sheldon; Cable Hoopes, Sumner.

Must Pay Poll Tax to Vote.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 13.—In the joint session of the general assembly the amendment requiring the payment of $1 poll tax as a necessary qualification for voting was declared a part of the constitution, having been legally ratified at the September election.

Arrested for Robbing the Mails.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Jan. 13.—Frank Cushman, one of the most prominent young men in the city and a brother-in-law of Senator Perkins of Kansas, was arrested and sent to jail Thursday night by the postal authorities for robbing the mails.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Happenings of a Week Boiled Down for Easy Reading.

John Montgomery Ward has retired permanently from base ball, and will in the future take up the legal profession. This makes way for C. H. Byrne, the president of the Brooklyn club.

The two editors of the Topeka (Kan.) Lance were married the other day, and their names now appear at the top of the column: "Eugene L. and Zora Cook Smith, editors and publishers."

The Sioux City Jobbers' association has unanimously adopted a remonstrance against the Torrey bankruptcy bill and sent out a circular letter to jobbers of other western cities asking them to aid in defeating the measure.

The death of John T. Webster in Elkhart, Ind., put an end to an action of assault brought against him by the sister of his wife.

Mrs. Chaloner, a Newmarket, Eng., woman, has a license from the Jockey club, and personally conducts a horse training establishment, perhaps the only one in existence that is run by a woman.

The lightest wheel yet built is the work of P. J. Berlo, the racing man. It weighs eleven pounds, eleven ounces, and has carried Asa Windle, who weighs about 200, and is over 6 feet.

A number of leading women of Kansas City have agreed not to wear outdoors any dress or garment that does not miss the ground by at least three inches.

The table on which the articles of agreement for the surrender of Vicksburg were signed by General Grant and General Pemberton is in daily use in a beer saloon in Vicksburg. The saloon keeper has been offered a large price for the relic, but he refuses to dispose of it.

Gustave L. Henchel, slate roof contractor from Chicago, was fatally injured by falling from the roof of a building connected with St. Clara's academy at Sinsinawa Mound, Ills.

Empress Eugenie spends two or three hours daily on her memoirs, which are not to be published until twenty-five years after her death. She will not allow any one to have a glimpse at the manuscript.

M. Dealy, W. W. Allen and Edward La Barge were found guilty of land conspiracy against the government in the federal court at Grand Forks, N. D.

Betty Grimes, a 16-year-old girl, was arrested in Columbus, Ind., in the act of poisoning several dogs. She has been a monomaniac for some time on the matter of killing canines.

Julian Miller and Nicholas Schmidt were arrested in St. Louis charged with the robbery of the Cramer Dry Plate company of St. Louis. Silver valued at $6,000 has been lost by the company in the last three years.

* * *

Charles Danley was instantly killed at Macomb, Ills., by thirty tons of clay dropping on him.

Mrs. Alice A. Minick, the first woman to be graduated from the law department of the Nebraska State university, has been admitted to practice in the federal court at Liacoln, Neb.

W. M. Ruggles, a mining man of Ashland, Wis., says that unless the absentee owners of iron lands in the Gogebic range lower their royalties they will have to pay taxes on a high valuation of undeveloped lands.

The Nickel Plate has advised its western connections that until furter notice it cannot accept carload freight at Chicago (except live stock and perishable) on account of the crowded condition of its tracks.

Harry J. Buckley of the Diamond Plate Glass company of Elwood, Ind., is missing. He is reported to be a defaulter in the sum of $500.

Seventy-five union molders in the Sioux City, Ia., Stove works went out on strike because non-union molders were employed.

Simon Goldman, paying teller of the German National bank in Denver is missing. It is alleged that his accounts are short over $10,000.

In consequence of the prolonged drought the drive wells from which Galesburg, Ills., derives its water are now so low as to arouse fear of a water famine.

Judge Hord of Columbus, Ind., has decided that no one can be admitted to practice in his court who has not passed an examinating before a committee that he has appointed.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis will not allow the people of Georgia to raise a fund in her behalf.

Henry C. Lutter, aged 40, got a marriage license in Galena, Ills., to marry Tillie Betjin, aged 10.

A mild type of la grippe has broken out in Fort Dodge, Ia.

* * *

The Rev. J. H. Seldon rushed into his burning home at Elgin, Ills., just in time to rescue a sleeping son.

The first church wedding of colored people in Kansas City took place at the cathedral, when Charles Henry Jones, a porter, married Estella Sewell, a second girl. The church was crowded with swell white folk. The groom violated the proprieties by wearing a swallow-tail coat in the morning.

Theodore Tilton is seldom heard of these later years, but his name appears in the list of callers at President Carnot's reception in Paris on New Year's day.

The Minneapolis Lumber exchange has decied to increase the price of half a dozen classes of lumber 50 cents per thousand feet.

Ex-Congressman S. V. White of Brooklyn has been elected one of the trustees of Plymouth church for a term of three years.

Colonel John R. Thomas celebrated his 93d birthday at his home in Belleville, Ills.

The United States consul at Rotterdam reports to the state department that the Netherlands American Steam Navigation company has issued a notice that after Jan. 1, 1893, it would suspend the transportation of steerage passengers to the United States.

Western passenger lines will make reduced rates for the Independent Order of Mutual Aid grand lodge meeting, Chicago, Feb. 7-10, and for the convention of the Danish Evangelical church, Chicago, Feb. 26-27.

Golden shoes are worn by a Shetland pony belonging to the Shah of Persia. This expensively shod animal is only 12½ inches high.

Paul Scruggs and Henry Allen, who murdered, robbed and then burned Rube Atkinson, his housekeeper, and her little daughter near Cotton Plant, Ark., were taken from jail and hanged.

At Paul's Valley, I. T., Mrs. Nora Capps shot to death Dr. J. L. Shelton.

Henry Wilson, who burglarized several stores at Clay City, Ills., was captured at Greencastle, Ind.

A fair is in progress at San Francisco which will in some respects be a rehearsal for California's great part in the World's fair. One exhibit will be a locomotive of oranges, 20,000 of them, the machine regulation in size and shape, and having steam issuing from its stack.

* * *

The Swine Breeders' association of Illinois in its convention at Shelbyville elected John Livengle of Cumberland county president and Frank Patton of Woodford county secretary. The next annual meeting will be in Taylorville.

C. P. Villiers, "father of the house of commons," is, at the age of 90, one of the best whist players in London. He was at Harrow with Byron, and was an intimate friend of Louis Philippe.

Governor Flower is a busy man, and by way of a gentle reminder to all that such is the case has on his desk a piece of white cardboard ten inches square, on which, in gold letters inside a gold border, are the words "Tempus Fugit."

Provisions are growing so dear in St. Petersburg that it is almost impossible for a common laborer to live on his wages. The large manufacturers have therefore formed a union among themselves to open "economical stores" for the laborers.

The business manager of the New York Seventh regiment band, M. J. Solomons, has been authorized by Colonel Daniel Appleton, commanding the Seventh regiment, to take the leadership of the band, made vacant by the death of Professor Cappa.

William Henry Russell, the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and other famous songs, attained his 80th birthday a few days ago and is still fairly strong and healthy.

The packing house of the late James M. Ryan at Galesburg, Ills., is reported about to be sold to a syndicate of Chicago and Milwaukee capitalists.

Elmer Dresser of Rutland, Ills., has been adjudged insane in Aberdeen, S. D. He went to Aberdeen four weeks ago and married a lady from Omaha who was not aware of his true condition.

The Religious Liberty association in state convention at Minneapolis opposed enactments against blasphemy, decried government chaplains, church exemption from taxation, and the use of the Bible in public schools; declared a perversion of the constitution the supreme court decision that "this is a Christian nation."

* * *

Farmer William Templeton of Elwood, Ind., was killed by a falling tree.

Two men, Cisna and Riffle, were arrested at Independence, Ia., for selling liquor.

Mrs. W. B. Whitaker, wife of a Warrensburg, Mo., farmer, is missing and foul play is suspected.

S. L. Cason and E. D. Busby, Republican politicians, are on trial at Lebanon, Ind., for contaminating voters.

A $450,000 addition to the Corcoran Art gallery of Washington is contemplated. The entire gallery will then represent an outlay of $1,000,000, and the ground $150,000.

Miss Eva Winton of Shelbyville, Ind., fell against a red-hot stove, being numb from a sleigh ride, and burned her right cheek so that she will be disfigured for life.

Philip Meloy, a hotelkeeper of Cuba City, Ills., was sent to the penitentiary for bigamy two years ago. His lawful wife secured a divorce, but two days after completing his term she remarried Meloy.

Young Farmer William House of Missouri Valley, Ia., pulled a shotgun, muzzle first, from his wagon. He was killed instantly.

At Lima, O., the Standard Oil company has advanced "south of Lima" oil to 40 cents and "north Lima" oil to 42½ cents a barrel.

There are sixty-four governments in the world that issue patents. The aggregate cost of patenting an article in the sixty-four countries is about $15,000.

A. A. Watson, a wealthy stockman of Apple River, Ills., who was injured in a wreck on the Illinois Central about a week ago, is dead.

In a saloon fight at Quincy, Ills., Grant Munday, a negro, cut the throat of an inmate of the Soldiers' home named James Clark. The injured man is in a critical condition.

William Hoffman of Grand Rapids, Wis., has brought a suit for $18,000 against the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad company for the alleged burning of a cranberry marsh.

Kasper Hueffner of Mascoutah, Ills., has brought a suit for divorce against his wife on the ground that she is his first cousin, which she denies.

* * *

Dan Caffery, the new Louisiana senator, is called the "Roaring Lion" of St. Maria.

An Ohio woman claims to have a churn which has already turned out $10,000 worth of butter.

Mason City, Ia., officers are searching for William Bowen, an implement dealer of Thornton. It is said Bowen forged notes to the amount of $600 on his friends, had them cashed and let the town.

T. C. Crawford, the well-known correspondent who has had confidential relations with Mr. Blaine, says he heard the latter say in Paris four years ago that his personal fortune was about $750,000.

Edward Price of Mansfield, O., who was sent to bank $500 by his employer, is missing. The money was not deposited.

Old Tours, in France, has been holding an art exhibition, at which Mrs. Celia Wentworth of the American art colony of Paris received a gold medal for her picture of a nun telling her beads.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for **Salt Rheum**, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, **could not walk without crutches**, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the **sores soon healed**, the scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 21, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Crust of Society."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Louise Leslie Carter in "Miss Helyett."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Marie Wainwright.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Alexander Salvini.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"A Modern Match."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Natural Gas."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock."
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

One of the most interesting features connected with the rapidly approaching World's Fair will be the military encampment of United States troops, under command of Col. George M. Randall, of the Twenty-third Infantry—Gen. Crook's famous chief of Indian scouts during most of his campaigns. The camp will be formed next May on a portion of forty-five acres of ground set aside by the World's Fair Commission for the use of the military, and will consist of four troops of cavalry, a battery of artillery, eight companies of infantry and the cadet battalion from the Military Academy at West Point. In addition to the white troops, there will be one colored and one Indian company in each battalion of horse and foot. The officers will have the regulation wall tents, and the men the conical tents, commonly called Sibley tents, of large size, which will have a most picturesque effect. The customary routine duties of the army will be followed during the encampment, including evolutions in the new cavalry, artillery and infantry tactics; guard-mounting and dress parades. Everything will be done to promote the sanitary completeness of the camp, and the fact that Col. Randall is commandant is sufficient guarantee that nothing will be left to chance. The Colonel won his grade in front of Petersburg, in the bloody days of July, 1864, and, since boyhood, has been familiar, in the regular army, with fierce fighting and extreme privation. He fought in every battle participated in by the Army of the Potomac during the civil war, and has been burned by Arizona and New Mexican suns, and chilled by the blizzards of the far Northwest in performance of his duty. He is, in short, a thorough, and thoroughbred, representative of Uncle Sam's army.

As many of our readers may not be familiar with the conditions that surround the life of the enlisted men of the regular army, the subjoined substance of an address recently delivered by Gen. Ruggles, U.S.A., may not prove uninteresting:

The term of enlistment is five years. Soldiers who tire of the army may, however, in times of peace, withdraw from the service by purchasing their discharge. The maximum of this price is $120, and the minimum $30, according to the period of service. All candidates for enlistment must be physically perfect, not younger than 18 nor more than 30, and all under the age of 21 must have written permits from parents or guardians, if any such exist, before they are accepted. At the expiration of three years' service, the soldier is entitled by law, if his services have been faithful, to a furlough with full pay for three months and an honorable discharge at the expiration of his furlough, if he desires it. If he remains in the service after the expiration of three years and three months, he must serve out his five years.

The pay and allowances of a soldier are these: Of a private, $13 per month for the first and second years, $14 per month for the third year, $15 per month for the fourth year, $16 per month for the fifth year, $18 per month for every year of his second term of enlistment, and $1 per month additional for each subsequent enlistment. A corporal receives $15 per month for the first two years of service, a sergeant $17 per month, a first sergeant $22 per month, a sergeant-major or regimental quartermaster sergeant $23 per month, a post ordnance-sergeant, commissary-sergeant or quartermaster sergeant $34 per month, and a hospital steward $15 per month.

For distinguished services, whether in action or otherwise, of a valuable character to the United States, a soldier receives a certificate of merit. This certificate entitles him to extra pay of $2 per month through all subsequent service as an enlisted man.

A soldier who is a mechanic, as, for instance, a carpenter, a plumber, a painter, a baker, or the like, is often relieved from all military duty, and placed upon the work of his trade, and in such case, receives, besides his regular pay, an extra allowance of 50 cents per diem. A soldier, employed as a laborer, hostler, teamster or the like, is excused from all military duty, and receives 30 cents extra pay per diem, in addition to his regular pay. A tailor, a shoemaker or a barber finds ample time and opportunity to add a very considerable sum to his stipend as a soldier. The paymaster receives, and the government pays, 4 per cent on all deposits the soldier may make, whether from his pay, or from any other means of revenue, after they have reached the amount of $50. These deposits are paid at the time of discharge.

If a soldier does not draw his full allowance of clothing, he receives at his discharge the value in money of all that he has not drawn. An ordinarily careful man can save about $50 on this allowance. A man discharged at the expiration of five years receives in money one day's pay, and an allowance for every twenty miles of distance between the place of his discharge and the place of his enlistment. The average amount from all sources coming to a discharged soldier in cash on his discharge is $275. This is for a soldier who, during his enlistment, has performed nothing but strictly military duty and has saved nothing of his current pay. While the average amount coming to a soldier at discharge from retained pay, clothing and travel allowances, is $275, soldiers often have $400, or even more, on their final accounts.

The ration allowances are very liberal—so liberal, indeed, that the men cannot use them up, and very frequently the surplus is sold, under the direction of the captain of the troop or company, and the money thus obtained is devoted to the purchase of articles of food which the government does not supply. It may be added that at each post is a military school, by law established, and the attendance of soldiers who have not received a common school education is compulsory. The teachers are well educated soldiers, selected for the duty. They receive 50 cents per day extra pay. One teacher is allowed for every fifteen men, or fraction of that number, in the school. These teachers, and the school, are superintended by a non-commissioned officer, regularly detailed and obliged to give to the duty his personal attention and attendance.

The physical exercise of the soldier is also attended to in the gymnasiums which are now being generally established at the different posts. When taken sick no man in his position receives better care than Uncle Sam's boy in blue, and, should he die, and no friends or relatives claim his remains, he is decently interred at government expense, and military honors are accorded at the grave.

Since the abolition of the smaller posts, and the consolidation of regiments in large garrisons, the monotony of the soldier's life has, in a great measure, been dissipated, and desertions have consequently diminished. The visitors to the World's Fair should feel thankful that they will have an opportunity of seeing the regular defenders of their country as they appear in everyday life at the different military posts.

GOT IN ON "THE TIMES."

Michael Davitt, feeling outraged by the connection of his name with the Dublin explosion, in the columns of the villainous London *Times*, addressed the following letter to that paper:

"BALLYBRACK, Dec. 27, 1892.—*To the Editor of the Times, Sir:* With your customary truculence, you go out of your way to introduce my name in your comments upon the abominable crime which was perpetrated in Dublin on Christmas Eve. You say that this deed was 'an act of war performed and executed in general accordance with the methods employed by the emissaries of the Clan-na-Gael in the campaign of outrage which they initiated under Mr. Davitt's friends a few years ago.' Will you permit me to suggest a closer analogy in connection with a far higher and older authority on murderous outrages? In April, 1858, one Simon Bernard was tried in London for complicity in the Orsini plot, in the carrying out of which two or three persons were killed, though the Emperor Napoleon, for whom the bomb was intended, escaped unhurt. Bernard, though he manufactured or supplied this bomb, was acquitted, whereupon the *Times* wrote as follows on the result of the trial: 'With the resolute stubbornness of the English middle classes, the jury, like the audience in court, refused to look at Bernard as a murderer. They saw in him, even if the evidence was complete, only a conspirator against a despotic ruler, who had himself seized a throne by craft and violence, and against whom craft and violence, if not justifiable, were at least not to be classed with the guilt of the common murderer. Why, then, should Bernard, even if guilty, be judged by the severe rules of English morality?' This indirect condonation of murder, by means of bomb-throwing, was written by you years before the Clan-na-Gael were ever heard of. The outrages attributed to the alleged emissaries of this body, though criminal in the highest degree, did not, at least, result in loss of life. The atrocious act of Saturday last did, and it bears a stronger resemblance, therefore, to the murders which you palliated and almost justified, at a time when, possibly, such emissaries were studying your philosophic encouragement of assassination by explosives, thirty odd years ago. Your obedient servant, MICHAEL DAVITT."

THE ALLEGED PUBLIC SCHOOL "FADS"

The war on common school accomplishments, which the unprogressive and irreverent call "fads," is still raging fiercely in the school board and the daily newspapers. In the board, the assault is led by the esthetic A. S. Trude, who is bravely fronted by Miss Burt—a lady who evidently knows what she is talking about. Mr. Trude's original objection was to clay moulding, which he calls "making mud pies." He also claims that the clay is imported from Ohio, and he has no use for Buckeye soil—probably because it furnished so many Republican presidents. Mr. Trude waxed eloquent in his denunciation of Ohio mud until he found that the material cost only $374 per year. Then he became agitated in regard to "the physical culture fad," and he has found potent allies in some of the dailies. This particular branch of fadism costs, it is alleged, $17,000 a year, and is intended to make school children easy and graceful in their movements, giving them a correct gait and an erect bearing. It does not appear that physical culture interferes to any vital extent with their studies, and, certainly, most of the children delight in it—no class more than those whom Mr. Trude and his friends particularly champion—the children of the poor. Clay modeling and physical culture had their birth in the brains of those of our public educators who believe in doing more for American children than merely teaching them "the three Rs," which can be learned in any kind of a school, common or uncommon. It is claimed that the "fads" take away from the full day "work" of children who cannot afford to go to school all the time. THE CITIZEN doesn't believe it. Nothing so conduces to a child's general brightness as change of programme in school. What child, taught in the severe old fashion—the hedge-school fashion of the old generation it may be called—did not feel absolute disgust for the eternal round of "pot-hooks and hangers," "rule of three" and "Voster"—educational pills, without even the pretense of a sugar coating to conceal their sordid bitterness? Such were the conditions that produced rude, uncultivated, semi-educated, awkward, backward pupils, who rarely or never made a mark in the world, but continued to "plod on in sluggish misery," like their sires before them, content to be whatever their fathers were, and holding it presumptuous to aspire to anything higher.

There were, it is true, exceptions that proved the rule, like Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, but all of those great Americans were hard students, long after the proper age of school work had passed, and, great as they became, they would have been greater yet, had they, with their natural gifts, possessed the advantages of our modern system of education. But, to the end of their days, all three displayed the ear-marks of "the hedge-school," in a certain homeliness of manner and expression which always results from imperfect early training.

It was the general cultivation of the Athenians which made them the light and the glory of the ancient world. Yes, it was the cultivation of the arts by the mechanics, as well as by the patricians, that "crowned the hills of Rome and sanctified the dust of Greece." Even to this day, among the descendants of the Latins, is preserved that genius for sculpture, painting and song which made their progenitors illustrious among the nations of antiquity. The only reason that could be urged against modeling in clay is a hygienic one. It is barely possible that the same material used by scores of children might breed infection. Apart from this, the accustoming of the infant mind to form cannot help being productive of good results. Everyone is familiar with Gray's immortal elegy, in which he laments the possibilities buried, for want of opportunity, in a country churchyard. How many geniuses may not remain undeveloped in our public schools for want of opportunity to develop the gifts God has bestowed upon them! America glories in her sculptors, Storey and Powers and Harriet Hosmer. They all had the benefit of early cultivation. How can the opponents of clay-modeling know what infantile sculptors may be hidden in our public schools, whose latent talent might be brought to light by practicing in clay?

Drawing is yet another "fad" denounced by the school economists. In an age when the very newspapers put a premium on the art of sketching, it seems inconsistent that any editor should take the side of denouncing drawing in our schools. Of course, THE CITIZEN does not advocate the sacrificing of solid acquirement in the interest of mere accomplishments, but a judicious blending of both will, in its opinion, be for the good of the pupils, whether the children of rich or poor.

Music and the languages have also been attacked. They cost something, it is true. So do all things worth having; but the education of our school children would seem very imperfect, indeed, were they to be deprived of vocal training, which benefits their health as well as their voices. Familiarity with modeling, drawing, music and physical culture, gives a self-confidence to pupils that cannot fail to benefit them in after life. Both body and mind are improved by such knowledge, and there is no reason why, by pursuing the present mixed system, the son or daughter of the day laborer cannot become as gifted, and as graceful, as the son or daughter of the professional man or the merchant. Without something better than the dry, hard branches of knowledge, our public schools would be places of irksome confinement to bright children, and would only tend to make dull children duller still.

The matter of teaching foreign languages is a question much more open to controversy. In this city, and several others in the United States, a knowledge of German is decidedly useful, but it will be so only for the present generation, because children of German parents, born in America, insensibly use the American language, except under comparatively rare circumstances. But, at this day, there are certain sections of the city where knowledge of German is absolutely necessary to the transaction of business. But this same argument can be used with equal effect by American citizens of Slavonic origin, such as the Poles and Bohemians. As regards claim by numbers, there is no reason why the citizens of Irish birth should not demand that Gaelic be taught in our public schools. It is an ancient and sonorous language, and is so regarded by some of the most eminent of German philologists. As a polite and generally useful language, we know of no tongue that excels it, except French, which, by-the-way, as a social passport all over the habitable globe, is strangely, and, we think, unwisely neglected in our public schools. Messrs. Brenan, Cusack and Duggan ought to imitate their German colleagues on the school board, and make a battle for Gaelic. But, we fear, proverbial Irish modesty will restrain them. They do not like to increase the taxes for the maintenance of a language older than the time of Abraham, and are too good-hearted to oppose the favorite "fads" of their fellow-citizens of other races. THE CITIZEN does not insist on having Gaelic taught in the public schools, but it asserts that its introduction into general use would be logically in line with conditions now existing. There are nearly as many Celts in this city as Teutons, but we have not heard that any aspirants to the mayoral office take the trouble of learning Gaelic, although they plume themselves on their knowledge of German.

Reviewing the whole situation, and considering particularly that this is the year of the World's Fair, and that this is the city of the Fair, we think it would be highly injudicious for the school board to adopt a cheese-paring policy by cutting away from the public schools their most interesting, if not most useful, features.

DEATH OF RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

The country's prominent men of the War and Reconstruction epochs are rapidly passing from earth. Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-president of the United States, died of neuralgia of the heart at his home, Fremont, Ohio, on Wednesday, in the 71st year of his age. Mr. Hayes was a native of the Buckeye state, and graduated from Kenyon College in 1842. Admitted to the Ohio bar, after a course at Harvard Law School, in May, 1845, he practiced with marked success in Cincinnati and other cities until the civil war broke out, when he displayed his genuine patriotism by going to the front as major of the 23d Ohio Volunteers. He fought gallantly at South Mountain, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek and the second Winchester, and, for distinguished services, was breveted major general of volunteers in March, 1865. He was elected to congress in 1866, and, in the succeeding year, was elected governor of Ohio, defeating Allen G. Thurman. After being defeated for congress in the Cincinnati district, in 1872, he was again elected governor in 1875, and, in 1876 was the presidential nominee of the Republican party.

On the face of the returns, he was unquestionably defeated by Samuel J. Tilden of New York, but his partisans claimed fraud in some of the Southern States, and the electoral commission appointed by congress counted him in. The proceeding was condemned by the honest sentiment of the Republican party, as well as by Democrats, but the thing was done by the party leaders and there was no help for it, except a resort to violence, which would, under the conditions then existing, have been fatal, perhaps, to our institutions. Mr. Hayes reluctantly accepted the office to which he was not entitled, and his acceptance drove many thousands of Republicans, who would not brook doubtful methods of election, out of the party. Hayes followed out, however, the programme laid down by Tilden and removed the Federal army from the State houses of Louisiana and South Carolina, on April 23, 1877, thereby terminating the War of the Rebellion. He made an executive of mediocre merit, and his administration was one of the tamest on record. The only really great event that marked the regime of Mr. Hayes was the resumption of specie payments.

The personal character of the deceased statesman and soldier was above reproach. He was absolutely without affectation and was as gentle as a child in his manner and disposition. He was greatly respected by all his neighbors, because he represented in his own household all that is best and purest in American manhood. He loved his wife with knightly devotion, and was a model father. Those who knew him best liked him best—something that is true of all men of his unobtrusive character.

In his public career, he could have made himself immortal by refusing to take the presidential chair, while a cloud rested on his title. But he was coerced by men not so scrupulous as himself, and the mantle of charity has to be thrown over his weakness. Let us hope that never again in our history may rise an occasion like that of 1876-7, when the slightest signal from Samuel J. Tilden, the President de jure, might have plunged the Republic into eternal chaos.

CARDINALS CREATED.

The Pope, on the 16th inst., created fourteen new cardinals, including Archbishop Vaughan, of England; Archbishop Logue, primate of all Ireland; Archbishop Kromontz, of Cologne; Prince Archbishop Kopp, of Breslau; Mgr. Mocenni, papal under secretary of state; Mgr. Persico, secretary of the propaganda, and others, there being in all six Italian cardinals, two French, two Prussian, one English, one Irish, one Hungarian and one Spanish. Pope Leo in his allocution thanked God for having preserved him to celebrate his episcopal jubilee. This auspicious event would be regarded by men as a sign of the divine protection over the church in these calamitous days, through the preservation of the life of the supreme pontiff. The Pope announced, in addition to the cardinals named, the creation of two cardinals reserved. They are believed to be Archbishop Heinhuber and a French bishop.

BALFOUR'S IMPUDENCE.

The virtuous Mr. A. J. Balfour, late secretary for Ireland under the Tory government, affects to believe that the Irish would not be rebellious only for the unsettled state of the land question; but, while he advances this view, he cunningly says that other people (meaning the present landlords) must not be incommoded on their account. Hear him "replying" to Gladstone in the January number of the *North American Review:*

"The Nationalist movement is really based upon two diverse, though allied, elements. It is based partly upon the desire to shake off the connection with England, partly on the desire to remedy the wrongs inflicted by former confiscations by adding a new one to the number. In so far as the first of these still subsists by its own native strength and vigor, it would not be and could not be satisfied by the granting of a parliament even nominally subordinate to the imperial parliament, and from whose deliberations are to be excluded the consideration of many subjects (such for instance as taxation and tariffs) which are freely granted to our self-governing colonies. But I believe myself that this feeling, though among certain sections of the population undoubtedly real, is in process, or, at least until the agitation of 1880, *was* in process, of rapid conversion into a harmless and purely sentimental affection for a condition of things supposed once on a time to have existed, but which no one in seriousness desired to see restored. In a generation it would have become as innocuous as the Jacobitism of 1760, and would have had as little in it hostile to the unity of the United Kingdom as have the feelings which we Scotchmen cherish for the heroism of Wallace or the victories of Bruce.

"Unfortunately, this patriotic sentiment is in Ireland inextricably associated with agrarian discontents. From this, and from this alone, did it derive the virulence which has characterized its different manifestations during the last twelve years. But it is plain that the Imperial parliament can never allow the perpetration in the nineteenth century of the iniquities that were barely tolerated in the seventeenth. There must be no new dispossession of the owners of the soil, no repetition, under modern forms, of ancient injustices. But if the Home Rule bill is neither to fulfill the wishes of those who, in their own phrase, wish to see Ireland a nation among the nations, nor the demands of those who want other people's land, how can it pretend to offer a final settlement of the Irish question? How can it satisfy the aspirations of that part of the population of Ireland which is understood to demand it?"

Mr. Balfour has a short memory if he forgets how England quaked and quivered, throughout her length and breadth, when the Fenian organization rescued Col. Kelly in Manchester, blew down Clerkenwell wall, and planned the capture of Chester Castle—a plan that must have infallibly succeeded but for the treason of the wretch called Corydon. If he has forgotten, or is too young to remember, let him ask his uncle Salisbury. In any case, Balfour cannot have forgotten the coward panic into which Britain was thrown when some desperate men gave London a shaking up in more recent years. There was nothing "purely sentimental" in the hearts of the men who, for Ireland's sake, performed, in those days, dreadful, even murderous, deeds that made England quake. It is the fashion of effeminate dudes, like Balfour, to sneer at Irish patriotism, when not practically manifested, but the blood deserts their coward cheeks and hearts, when it is so manifested in deeds of violence which humanity must deplore, but which cannot be put to shame by anything in the history of Ireland's treatment by England—crowded with chapters of odious crimes committed by the strong against the weak. It is such sneering cubs as Balfour that breed lawless acts among the Irish. They sting the pride of a spirited race, who have been carefully deprived of the arms that could redress insults to their manhood, and who, therefore, sometimes commit acts that the outside world cannot approve, because the outside world was never in Ireland's place.

Nobody, at this late day, dreams of dispossessing people who hold land in Ireland by previous right of conquest or otherwise. But all sensible Irishmen desire to have the land owned by the people who cultivate it. There is no use, however, in arguing this matter out with Balfour or those who think with him. They can afford to sneer, because they know how helpless Ireland is. If they were dealing with a nation flushed to full fury by the consciousness of an intolerable wrong, they would not be so lip brave. Ireland has been so long a sheep, that her tyrants forget she was once a lionness. The change has not been for her benefit, and the change back will certainly not be for theirs.

AMONG the latest candidates for the office of mayor are mentioned Judge R. S. Tuthill, of the Superior court, Col. James A. Sexton, postmaster, and Mr. Louis Wolf, a prominent German-American business man. All three are Republicans without a scratch.

MISS BURT is the most progressive member of the school board. She may not be an expert in the matter of economy, but she knows what true education means. THE CITIZEN likes her ideas, and hopes they will, to the extent the city can afford them, prevail.

MONEY does not always bring a blessing. Take, for example, the fearful and wonderful name inflicted, on petition of the victim, by the law upon Hobart Chatfield Taylor, now Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor. The consideration is $200,000—a mere trifle, considering the sacrifice demanded. And yet, Taylor is no bigger than he ever was. It is only the name that has grown.

AMONG the gentlemen prominently mentioned for the office of city treasurer this spring are Col. Peter J. Hennessy, Henry Stuckart, John S. Cooke, Austin J. Doyle, John M. Carroll, William C. Seipp, P. H. Duggan, Thomas Brenan, John W. Enright, Frederick Blount, Michael J. Bransfield, Daniel Corkery, Frederick Wick and Louis C. Huck.

THE Old-Time Printers of Chicago held a banquet at the Sherman House on Tuesday evening, to commemorate the 187th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. Speeches were made by R. W. Patterson, H. H. Kohlsatt, James W. Scott, Washington Hesing, Martin J. Russell, Michael H. Madden and others.

ALD. THOMAS GAHAN, of Chicago; Charles F. Lape, of Springfield; and William L. Cantrell, of Benton, Franklin county, have been nominated members of the State board of railroad and warehouse commissioners by Governor Altgeld. The penitentiary commissioners nominated are, David Heenan, of Streator; Bradford K. Durfee, of Decatur; and Levi Waterman, of Geneseo.

WHILE Representative McInerney, of Cook, is engaged in bringing before the house a bill prohibiting the employment in factories of children under 14 years of age, Mr. Trude, in the board of education, says that a great majority of school children put in only two years and a fraction of their time at school. What can children under the tender age of 14 be doing away from school? Where are the truant teachers? A satisfactory clause in Mr. McInerney's bill would be a provision prohibiting the keeping home of children of school age to act as nurses for younger children, which is a common, and often an unnecessary, cause of truancy. If Mr. McInerney's bill should pass, as we hope it will, every child of poor people would be assured of seven years of school training at least.

THE birthday of Benjamin Franklin was celebrated by the Typothetæ of Chicago last Wednesday evening at their annual banquet at the Victoria Hotel. Amos Pettibone of Pettibone, Wells & Co., was in the chair. The following toasts were responded to: "Benjamin Franklin," Leon Hornstein; "The United Typothetæ of America," J. F. Pettibone; "How to Make a Weekly Paper," H. D. Boyce; "A Piece of Ancient History," R. R. Donnelley, Fred Barnard, Thomas D. Parker, Charles B. Ross, and W. P. Dunne.

POPE LEO'S LEGATE.

Monsignor Satolli Officially Confirmed as Representative of the Pontiff in This Country.

The Monsignor's Authorized Utterance in Regard to the Restoration of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn.

Mgr. Satolli, who is resident at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., received, last Saturday, the following cablegram:

ROME, Jan. 14.—The Apostolic delegation is permenantly established in the United States, and you are confirmed as the first delegate. O'CONNELL.(Mgr.)

On the same day Mgr. Satolli authorized the publication of the following statement in regard to the Pope's action in the case of Dr. McGlynn:

On the very day of the reconciliation of Dr. McGlynn with the church, public notice was given of it, with the statement that Mgr. Satolli had absolved him from censure and reconciled Dr. McGlynn by special power, for the purpose requested from and granted by the Holy Father; and, moreover, that the absolution had been given because Dr. McGlynn had willingly accepted the conditions laid down by the Holy Father as necessary and sufficient.

This information, so expressed, should have sufficed to satisfy every one with the reconciliation, carried out by authority specially delegated by the Holy Father, and with the conditions called for by the Holy Father. It is well to make several reflections: First, that as soon as it was understood that these conditions were complied with, every sincere Catholic should at once have felt himself bound in conscience to recognize that all had been done in the case that was expedient and in accord with the Catholic church; second, that the selection of the proper time and manner to give public information of the conditions belonged to the authority of the church, and when the Holy Father should find it opportune, after the reception of the documents, which were immediately forwarded; third, every one could see that the immediate publication of these conditions was for prudential reasons omitted, to avoid talk that might oppose the good done by doing away with the calamity which had for so long weighed upon a priest by reconciling him with the mother church. If this result has not been obtained, and if this wise silence has been unacceptable to any one, it must be ascribed simply to premature exaction.

The conditions were in this form: Dr. McGlynn had presented a brief statement of his opinions on moral economic matters, and it was judged not contrary to the doctrine constantly taught by the church and as recently confirmed by the Holy Father in the encyclical "Rerum Novarum." Also it is hereby publicly made known that Dr. McGlynn, besides professing his adherence to all the doctrines and teachings of the Catholic church, has expressed his regret (saying that he would be the first to regret it) for any word or act of his that may have seemed lacking in the respect due to ecclesiastical authority; and he thereby intends to repair, as far as he can, any offense which he may have given to all Catholics. Finally, Dr. McGlynn has, of his own free will, declared and promised that, within the limits of a not long period of time, he will go to Rome, in the spirit and intention which are becoming to a good Catholic and a priest.

It is well to note how deplorable it is that this reconciliation should have been discussed, as it has been, in newspapers in such manner that private and lay persons have dared to pass upon it harsh reproach and ill considered censure. That any one should have dared to speak of the Pope's authority over the church in America as foreign is a sentiment and an utterance enormously erroneous and scandalous. The action of the church and of the Holy See, in the things that belong to it, is superior to every man-made boundary, universal and proper to every country in which there may be Catholics.

For this reason it seems to us exceedingly opportune to recommend due respect in every case to ecclesiastical authority, and, before all, to that of the Holy See, as well as to that of the Council of Baltimore, inasmuch as it is forbidden to treat ecclesiastical matters and questions through the medium of journalism. Much more deplorable is it that persons, both ecclesiastics and laymen, who wish to appear as sincerely Catholic, make bad use of journalism, with violent and mendacious attacks, beyond all bounds of respect and charity, against venerable prelates, whose virtue and learning, whose rectitude of character and unquestioned and unquestionable love toward the church and the Supreme Pontiff, never unaccompanied by sincere love of country, make them deservedly the objects of the special predilection of the Holy Father and of universal esteem and veneration.

"THE COLUMBIAN JUBILEE."

A handsome addition to what may be called Columbiana has been made in the publication of "The Columbian Jubilee, or Four Centuries of Catholicity in America" by the firm of J. S. Hyland & Co., this city. The work is issued in two large volumes, is elegantly bound in half morocco, and profusely illustrated. These volumes include everything of interest pertaining to Columbus, and, in addition, give a copious history of the explorations, discoveries, and adventures of celebrated Catholic missionaries and laymen, engaged in christianizing, and civilizing, the continent. The preface is by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, and is couched in the graceful and, at the same time, forceful diction of that distinguished Catholic publicist. The work ought to have an immense circulation among the Catholics of the United States, and, in fact, citizens of all creeds would benefit by reading it.

THE beautiful home of the Calumet Club, on Michigan avenue, was burned to the ground on Tuesday evening. The loss is estimated at $300,000. Martin Redfield, the book-keeper, fell dead owing to excitement, and a domestic, named Kittie McCabe, who was sick in bed, was burned to death. Another domestic, named Maggie Devitt, was badly burned but will recover.

COUGHLIN'S CASE REVERSED.

The Notorious Cronin Murder Trial Will be Reopened as a Result of the Supreme Court's Decision.

As THE CITIZEN goes to press, the news is telegraphed from Ottawa that the Supreme court of Illinois has reversed the case of Daniel Coughlin, sentenced to the penitentiary for life because of his alleged connection with the murder of Dr. P. H. Cronin, in May, 1889. This will result in a new trial, and the whole case will be reopened. Coughlin is the only survivor, except John P. Kunze, of the five men placed on trial for the crime. John F. Beggs was acquitted and died about a year ago of pneumonia. O'Sullivan and Burke died in prison. Several important witnesses in the case, both for the prosecution and defense, have also died. Kunze was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, but was finally liberated. The opinion, said to be a lengthy one, was delivered by Justice Bradley. Justice Magruder is said to have dissented.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Reception by the Sheridan Club.

The fourth of the series of Wednesday night receptions at the Sheridan Club was held Wednesday evening last. The ballroom looked brilliant. Dancing commenced shortly after 9 o'clock. The grand march was led by Dr. C. P. Caldwell and Mrs. Andrew Cummings. Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames J. H. Long. W. J. O'Malley. James T. Young, F. H. Mealiff, John Tait, James Mahoney, W. J. Strickland, D. T. Kiley, J. H. Gregory, J. M. Crennan, C. P. Caldwell, J. W. McDonald, O. H. Cheney, J. M. Magrath, Joseph Baggot, M. Foster, R. Goldie. Mesdames P. Nacey, P. Smith, A. Cummings, H. J. Reiling. Misses L. Hannon, M. Daly, G. McAuley, M. Courtney, Alice Mealiff, Lillie Young, Kittie McGraw, Nora B. Ryan, Mary Lawless, Ball, McEvoy, Mary Healy, Agnes Healy, K. O'Hare, S. McManus, L. McManus, W. Fullem, A. Hanson, Leonore Wild, Mamie Carney, Frances Heaney, Josie Murphy, K. Franklin, F. E. A. Wright, Tute Bardon, Jerre Bardon, Irene O'Brien, Kittie O'Brien, Belle Bremner, Clare, Briggs, Sara Tracy, L. Eichenbusch, N. Weadley, Mollie Bremner, Nana White, Nellie Doyle, Nellie Walsh, Mamie Walsh, Mollie Lydon, R. O'Brien, Lawton, Seymour, Louise Matthews, Rose Gaynor, Belle Kepner, Jessie Powers, Agnes Graham, Lizzie Graham, Jennie Corrigan, P. Monnier, and Alice Hayes. Messrs. W. D. Munhall, Z. Davis, J. P. Bowles, O. R. Trayner, M. D. Flavin, W. J. Walsh, J. W. Bremner, Hugh T. Tracy, T. C. Delaney, D. G. Bardon, J. S. Murphy, H. C. Wild, J. B. McManus, E. J. McArdle, James Lawless, R. E. Corrigan, J. McAndrews, W. F. Carroll, W. P. Lawton, S. H. McVoy, E. Doyle, E. Baggot, John O'Rourke, J. J. Healy, E. J. Murphy, George Wright, J. B. Heeney, A. V. Gillespie, James Conlan, Jr., W. A. Cummings, D. C. Graham, H. A. Perkins, J. E. Murphy, Omer Crane, H. C. Lydon, J. L. Weadley, J. D. Baggot, John F. Clare, A. S. Cella, H. S. Tomlinson, Thomas Carney, N. Nelson, F. A. Cummings, D. J. Carroll, D. T. McGraw.

Progressive Card Party.

One of the largest, and most enjoyable, card parties of the season was given on Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Charles Elliott Anthony, No. 248 LaSalle avenue. The house was superbly decorated, and the costumes were elegant. Six-handed progressive euchre was the game of the afternoon, the fortunate winners of the first prizes, which were dainty hand-painted cups and saucers, being Mrs. H. N. Hall and Miss Blanche Johnson. A mandolin orchestra, screened by a hedge of palms in the library, played during the afternoon, and refreshments were served by Kinsley. Among the 126 ladies present were: Mesdames J. C. Carroll, G. Stewart, W. H. Heegaard, R. C. Newton, Pulsifer, R. Ortmann, Olcot Chase, H. Channon, G. Hurlbut, W. C. Pullman, A. Seckle, S. Guthrie, Robert Rae, George Hamlin, James Channon, J. S. Sheahan, Harry Clow, R. R. Campbell, H. R. Green, Jr., L. Harding, E. F. Thompson, C. E. Manierre. Misses Laura Keogh, Jaeger, Prindiville, M. Dennison, May Sullivan, Cora Chapman, May Hoyt, Mary Nixon, Lillian Elder, Peacock, Bingham, Mitchell, Stryker, Rockwood, M. Scheible, Elizabeth Rae, Belle Pinkerton, Fabian, St. Louis; Dula Rae, Mamie Hooley. The after days will be Mondays, Feb. 6 and 13.

Union Catholic Library Reception.

The sixth informal reception of the Union Catholic Library Association was given at the rooms of the society, No. 94 Dearborn street, last evening. There was an excellent programme, including a piano solo by Miss Regina B. Doran; vocal duet from Maritana, by Mrs. H. P. Smith and Mrs. Anna M. Ackhoff; a paper on John Boyle O'Reilly, by Mr. James Felix O'Connor; baritone solo, by Mr. T. J. Normyle; soprano solo, by Mrs. Petry; banjo duet, by Mr. Joseph V. McGovern and Mr. William H. Samelins; recitation, by Miss Anna C. Manning, and a vocal duet by Mrs. Petry and Miss Schafhausen. A grand patriotic entertainment will be given at Kimball Hall on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22.

Cathedral Club Performance.

The North Side Turner Hall was filled to overflowing on Tuesday night, by an audience gathered to witness the performance of "London Assurance" by the Cathedral Club. The company was formed about a year ago and had given but one public performance previously, at McVicker's Theatre last spring. The parts Tuesday evening were well taken, the actors caught the spirit of the play, and the scenes were presented without the tedious hitches and waits that so frequently characterize amateur performances. Miss Annie E. Murphy made a clever Lady Gray Spanker, and Annie O'Malley as Grace Harkaway met with the approval of the house. T. J. Normyle as Sir Harcourt Courtly and J. F. Kelley, as Meddle, the barrister, were excellent. Other parts were well taken by A. L. Moyer, J. P. Ratty, Charles Wilton, Maud Shepard, T. J. Noone, R. G. Smith, R. R. Moyer, E. J. Murray, and William Shay.

OBITUARY.

CAPT. D. W. QUIRK.

An old and honored citizen of Chicago, and a brave Union soldier, passed away on Tuesday in the person of Capt. Daniel W. Quirk. The sad event occurred at the Captain's residence, No. 1013 West Madison street. He had been ailing for some time, and, therefore, his death, although a great shock to his family and friends, was not entirely unexpected. Daniel W. Quirk was born near Toomevara, county Tipperary, Ireland, about 55 years ago, and came to this country in early manhood. He entered the Union army from this State, and fought gallantly from the first to the close of the civil struggle. His conspicuous bravery won for him the rank by which he was designated. Always a sincere Irish Nationalist, Capt. Quirk took an intense interest in the Fenian movement, and was one of the officers sent from this city to prepare the Irish people for revolution in 1865. He found Ireland, on his arrival there, in a state of incertitude, and, when all hope seemed gone, returned to this country. He accompanied his company of the Fenian regiment of this city, commanded by his namesake, Col. James Quirk, to Buffalo, when the conquest of Canada was attempted in June, 1866. Even after that great disappointment, Capt. Quirk did not cease to hope for the liberation of his native land, and always manifested the deepest interest in every movement organized for the betterment of her condition. He was prominent in Grand Army circles, and was an active member of Mulligan Post. He leaves his wife and one daughter, Mrs. John McVeigh, No. 1011 West Lake street, to mourn his loss. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning, at 9 o'clock, from his late residence to St. Malachy's church, where high mass of requiem was offered up. The mortuary sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Thomas P. Hodnett, who did full justice to the merits of the deceased, as a soldier and a citizen, an Irish Nationalist and an American patriot. The interment was at Cavalry cemetery.

WALTER HAYES.

Mr. Walter C. Hayes, a son of Mr. Michael C. Hayes, the well known railroad contractor of this city, died at his father's residence last week at the early age of 21 years. He was a bright young man and his early death is much lamented by his associates, as well as by his afflicted family.

THE NEW HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL.

Dedicatory Exercises at the Laying of the Corner Stone—It Will be Open in Spring.

The growth of homœpathy in Chicago is well illustrated by the laying of the corner stone of the new Hahnemann hospital, Groveland avenue, near Twenty-eighth street, last Saturday afternoon. The friends of the instution and the studente of Hahnemann Medical College assembled in the amphitheater of the old hospital building, directly across the way, and there held the exercises. These were in charge of Dr. George F. Shears, superintendent of the hospital, and were carried out to perfection. Prayer was offered up by the Rev. L. P. Mercer, and the dedicatory address was delivered by Maj. H. A. Rust, who gave a history of the institution, from its foundation in 1855, down to the present day. He particularly complimented Mrs. H. Wright and Dr. Geo. E. Shipman, to both of whom the hospital owed so much. The speaker alluded to the fact that Dr. Reuben Lallam had, for thirty years, continuously occupied a chair in the faculty of the college and, since May, 1889, had been president of the board of trustees. The interest taken in the prosperity of the hospital by the late J. Young Scammon was gratefully touched upon. The deceased philanthropist would ever occupy a large place in the hearts of the friends of the institution.

The hospitial was not born with a silver spoon in its mouth and had survived successive periods of the hardest of hard times. Now it had assurance of a prolonged life of usefulness, rendered doubly sure through benefactions bestowed upon it within the last few months, chief among which was to be named the gift of $50,000 by Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell. Of this sum $10,000 is apportioned by the donor to the building fund and $40,000 to endowment of the hospital and maintenance of free surgical beds. The contribution of $5,000 made by the late Hugh Riddle enrolled him as a benefactor of the institution.

The prominence of ladies as factors in the history of the hospital was dwelt upon, and the speaker considered this prominence an additional evidence of the fact that nearly all the grace, and much of the strength of the human character, is resident in wives, mothers and daughters. In the past the board and faculty had counted their members from among Chicago's most stalwart and useful citizens; men who were wise in counsel, and gave of their time without stint, and who had the courage of their convictions. Of these the Hon. Norman B. Judd, Edwin H. Sheldon, the Hon. Thomas Hoyne, Presidents Small and Smith were representatives.

Corner stones of buildings devoted to education and philanthrophy were not inanimate material, they are instinct with the highest aspirations and most noble purposes of man. They were mile stones registering along the great highway of Christian civilization. Looking further back than their own century these mile stones are hardly found, but the eye of faith sees a bright future with these and kindred evidences of a full-voiced affirmative response to the query: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The sealed box, containing the usual documents, was then presented to W. W. Boyington, architect of the new building, who deposited it in the corner stone. Dr. E. M. Bruce then read an address prepared by the Rev. M. Crandall, pastor of the Memorial Baptist church, who was unable to be present on account of sickness. Other addresses were made by Dr. G. A. Hall, Erskine M. Phelps and Dr. Ludlam. A quartet of students from the medical college sang several selections with great acceptance to the audience.

The hospital fronts on Groveland avenue, just south of Twenty-eighth street and immediately in the rear of the new Hahnemann College building, which fronts on Cottage Grove avenue. The plans provide for a seven-story structure 120x66 feet, to contain 200 beds. The interior arrangements are made after the most modern and improved hospital plans, and will equal those of any hospital in the country. A feature will be eighty private beds, the hospital having a larger number of these in proportion to the total number of beds than any other similar institution. The exterior construction will be pressed brick, with terra cotta trimmings. The total cost will be $105,000, $84,000 on the building and $20,000 on the furnishings. The hospital receives no revenue from the city or state, but it is the aim of the management to make at least three-quarters of the beds free.

The building committee, to whose efforts in a large measure the success of the undertaking is due, is composed of Erskine M. Phelps, Dr. S. Leavitt and H. A. Rust. The members of the board of trustees aae: H. N. Higinbotham, H. J. McFarland, E. M. Phelps, Drs. R Ludlam, R. L. North, R. R. Cable and G. F. Shears. Work is being pushed on the construction, and it is the intention to open it to the public as early as possible in the spring.

"ROB ROY."

Sir Walter Scott's popular drama, "Rob Roy," with all its attendant chivalry, daring and weird scenic effects, will be presented by able artists, under the directorship of Prof. J. A. Walker, of Aberdeen, at the Burns Anniversary, Jan. 25, at the Auditorium, under the auspices of the Scottish Assembly—500 young ladies dressed in Highland costume will take part in the tableaux, chorus, Scottish, Spanish, Persian and Irish dances. The Royal Scots regiment will be engaged in the battle scene between the Celts and Saxons, Helen MacGregor taking command when in that memorable address she exclaims "My foot is on my native heath and my name is MacGregor," after which the desperate conflict begins and the Highlanders are victorious. The Directors of the Assembly believe that an entertainment of the foregoing character would be more acceptable to an American audience than the old stereotype concert with long speeches. The tickets have been placed at moderate prices, and are on sale at Lyon & Healy's and Dale & Sempill's. The box office at the Auditorium will open on Saturday, Jan. 21.

GEN. MEADE'S ANCESTRY.

Mr. J. J. Bradley, of Philadelphia, Gives It in Detail, and Shows That It Was Unquestionably Irish.

As there has been considerable dispute in certain quarters relative to the ancestry, etcetera, of Gen. George G. Meade, the victor of Gettysburg, the following letter addressed by one well-known Irish-American to another, and given to THE CITIZEN for publication, will be of interest:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9.—*Mr. J. A. Lahey, Chicago—Dear Sir:* Your letter of the 7th inst. received this morning. As to your inquiry regarding the nationality of the ancestry of Gen. George G. Meade who commanded the Union forces at Gettysburg, I will state:

1st. That Robert Meade, the great grandfather of the General, died in Aug., 1754, his will being registered in Philadelphia in book K, page 189. The tradition of the Meade family is that all of Robert's ancestors were Catholics and Irishmen from time immemorial, or, indeed, "as Irish as the Rock of Cashel." Capt. R. W. Meade, U. S. N., said that his ancestor, Robert Meade, was one of the thirteen persons who composed Father Greaton's congregation when he first said mass in Philadelphia, so that Robert was in Philadelphia in 1731. Robert Meade emigrated from the county Limerick, but the exact date is at present, for reasons that we will give, not known. Richard W. Meade published in Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1825, a pamphlet, a copy of which is now in the Congressional Library, in Washington, D. C., entitled "Continuation of an Address to the Catholics of the City of Philadelphia," etc., in which is this passage, "Listen, fellow-citizens, to the voice of a man whose grandfather (*i. e.*, Robert), assisted in erecting the first Catholic church in this province (*i. e.*, St. Joseph's, built in 1733), and whose father (*i. e.*, George), was born among you, and aided in founding this very church of St. Mary's." All the family papers were in Mr. Meade's possession, but since his death, in 1828, they have been lost or mislaid.

2d. George Meade, the son of Robert and grandfather of the General, was born in Philadelphia Feb. 27, 1741: he is buried in St. Mary's churchyard, in the Meade Family vault, which is No. 13. He was a staunch Catholic all his life, being connected with St. Mary's church, of which he was trustee. Bishop John Carroll appointed George to secure contributions for the Catholic college at Georgetown in 1788. George and his brother Garrett were shipping merchants, and in 1767 John Barry, "Father of the American Navy," commanded one of their vessels. In 1771 the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick were organized in Philadelphia. George Meade's name being second on the roll. No one but an Irishman, or the son of an Irishman, could be a regular member. He was eligible, being an Irishman's son. How Washington became a member is a matter of history. He was first adopted as an Irishman and then elected. In 1792, George Meade and sixteen others were chartered as the Hibernian Society for the Relief of Emigrants From Ireland. In 1779-80 George Meade & Co. subscribed £2,000 to supply provisions to Washington's suffering troops.

3d. Richard Worsam Meade, fourth son of George and father of the General, was born in Chester county, Pa., June 23, 1778. In 1804 he succeeded his father in the business, George retiring. Richard married Margaret, daughter of Anthony Butler, of Perth Amboy, N. J., in January, 1801, and two years later went to Spain and remained many years, engaged in business. Richard was baptised a Catholic and so remained all his life. He died June 25, 1828, and is buried in the vault at St. Mary's. His wife, however, was a Protestant.

4th, George Gordon Meade, the commander of the Union forces, was the second son of Richard Worsam Meade and was born in Spain (where his father was temporarily residing), Dec. 30, 1815. He was baptised in the Catholic church Jan. 8, 1816 (being, as you notice, nine days after his birth.) His godmother was Christina Gordon y Prendergast, mother of the Captain General and Viceroy of Cuba, the family being devout Catholics. I will conclude with the following passage from my authority: "Let Pennsylvanians, and especially Philadelphians, reflect on what might have been the result to them and theirs had victory perched on the banners of the Southern hosts on that awful last day of carnage when Pickett led his desperate assault on the Union lines; and when the Irishman, the Irish race or the Catholic is decried, let it be remembered that the General who commanded in this greatest of victories of the civil war was not only the great grandson of an Irishman but was himself baptised a Catholic, as were his father and grandfather and in fact all of his ancestors."

The mixed marriages in the Meade family caused the loss of many of the descendants to the Catholic faith of their progenitors.

The author from whom I take the above facts is Capt. R. W. Meade, U. S. N., a first cousin of the General. He is a Catholic and a member of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, before which he read a paper April 30, 1891, on "George Meade, a Patriot of the Revolution Era," which is printed in the records of the said society, issued 1888-91, vol. III, page 193, a copy of which should be in every public library. This is George Meade, the General's grandfather.

There is also a memoir of George Meade's children in the Catholic Historical Researches for January, 1888, by Col. Dallas, U. S. N., which Capt. Meade says is substantially correct. I have not had time to look up the subject further, but enough is given to answer the inquiry, and from such a reliable source as I have quoted is, I think, satisfactory as to accuracy and correctness of detail. With kindest wishes for yourself and the good friends in Chicago, I remain yours, J. J. BRADLEY.

Chicago Orchestra Concerts.

The delightful concerts of the Chicago Orchestra will be resumed at the Auditorium Friday and Saturday of this week. An admirably designed popular program has been selected for the occasion by Mr. Thomas as follows:

Overture—"Spring".....Goldmark
Variations for String Orchestra.....Schubert
Rhapsody on Burns' Melodies (new)...Mackenzie
Columbus March and Hymn.....Paine
Capriccio Italian (new).....Tschaikowsky
Fantasie for Cello.....Delsart
L. Amato.
Suite Algerienne (new).....Saint Saens

A grand operatic concert is to be given at the Auditorium Wednesday evening, Feb. 1, in which Lillian Nordica, Emil Fisher, Sofia Scalchi, Italo Campanini, Signor Bolhgna, and Helen Dudley Campbell, will appear, assisted by an orchestra of fifty musicians. The third act of "Faust," with scenery and costumes, will constitute part of the programme.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round-house and machine shops; employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

An Enemy Baffled.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eye balls, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

Information for Relatives.

The relatives of Dennis Moriarty, of Texas, subsequently of Missouri, and who died recently at Ottumwa, Iowa, may learn something to their advantage by addressing

T. R. BICKLEY, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Wanted.

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published, "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers,

J. S. HYLAND & CO.,
323-325 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$1,079 90
Mrs. Lewis O'Connell, 836 Fiftieth street.	5 00
Mrs. Austin J. Kilkenny	5 00

CENTERVILLE, Mont. Jan. 6.—*Rev. M. O'Sullivan:* Enclosed please find check for $57.50 from Division No. 1 A. O. H., of Silver Bow county, Mont., for the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund. God speed your good work.

P. J. SULLIVAN,
Treas. Div. No. 1 A. O. H., Butte City, Mont.

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills.

A. O. H.

A meeting of the joint committee representing Divisions 6, 10, 12, 23 and 26, Ancient Order of Hibernians, took place last Wednesday evening at No. 4643 South Halsted street. The Rev. Edward A. Kelly having given the free use of his hall, Forty-fifth street and Wentworth avenue, it was resolved to hold the entertainment for the benefit of the Mrs. Curley Homestead Fund on the 8th of February. The services of Prof. W. R. Murphy, the renowned Irish piper, and the no less renowned dancer, Mr. Fox Kenny, the celebrated "High Sword," were secured. The price of tickets was fixed at 25 cents. JOHN DOODY, Ch'm'n.
M. D. O'BRIEN, Sec'y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is a popular preparation in one bottle, and colors evenly a brown or black. Any person can easily apply it at home.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. In Superior Court of Cook County, January Term, A. D. 1893. Edward Thomas vs. Mary E. Thomas. No. 141,666. Notice is hereby given to the said Mary E. Thomas that the above named complainant heretofore filed his complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook county, to be held at the court house in Chicago, Cook county, on the first Monday in January, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which term is now pending. [SEAL.] CLINTON J. ROBINSON, Clerk. David S[illegible], Att'y for Pl[illegible].

FOLDED HANDS.

Poor, tired hands that toiled so hard for me,
At rest before me now I see them lying.
They toiled so hard, and yet I see could not see
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drudged the live-long day,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning;
Oft toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm lifeblood within them beating,
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating,

I think tonight that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That e'en though tired, she would not wish to go
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping.
How still it is to sit here all alone,
While she is sleeping!

Dear, patient heart that deemed the heavy care
Of drudging household toil its highest duty;
That laid aside its precious yearnings there
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold,
(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,
And leave me weeping.

—A. B. Paine in Worthington's Magazine.

THE GOOD CANON.

The canon of Marineda resided in the same house with his sedate and elderly housekeeper, and he had a cat and a thrush—one of those which are called maloises in Galicia, that whistle and trill in the most remarkable manner and can imitate all the other songsters.

The canon's residence was not only plain, but even poverty stricken, and showed no signs of the scrupulous neatness usually the chief characteristic of those who wear a priestly garb, for you must know that the canon's housekeeper, Dona Ramona Villardos Cabaleiros, had formerly been a lady of rank, and therefore she was resolved to do as little housework as possible. She was fond of dwelling on the past and of giving herself completely up to doleful recollections, ignoring the fact that there were such things as sweeping and cooking to be attended to.

Such scenes as the following were therefore of frequent occurrence at the priest's dwelling: He would come in after saying mass, and while he hung his cloak and hat on a nail his stomach would clamor loudly for nourishment, reminding him that it was time to take his cup of chocolate. Fortified by prospect of this comforting beverage, he would sit down to wait until that nutritious beverage should be brought to him. But, alas! a quarter of an hour would elapse, and then another, without any signs of his breakfast. Finally he would timidly and gently call to the housekeeper:

"Dona Ramona! Dona Ramona!"

At the end of ten minutes a doleful voice would reply:

"What do you want?"

"Ah, where is my cup of chocolate?"

"Alas!" ejaculated the suffering duena, "I cannot attend to anything today. Do you know what day it is?"

"Yes, Thursday, Feb. 6, St. Dorothy and St. Revocata."

"Just so—the anniversary of the day on which I felt so happy and was suddenly shocked by receiving the news that my brother-in-law, the major, had died of yellow fever in Cuba. Alas, may the Lord grant me patience to bear up under my affliction!"

The worthy, good natured canon never dared to ask the dame whether the fact that her brother-in-law had died of yellow fever was any reason why her master should be starved to death. He would meekly open the cupboard in the kitchen, take out a piece of chocolate from its greasy wrapper and nibble at it awhile, washing it down with a glass of water. Then he would endeavor to comfort Dona Ramona, who was usually sniffling on the sofa, with her face tied up in a handkerchief.

"Dona Ramona, you should be resigned to your lot. You ought not to rebel against God. Come now; if you keep on crying we shall no longer be friends." And so on, sometimes for hours at a time.

Occasionally the canon, with those very hands which shortly before had raised the consecrated host, would be compelled to perform the humble office of washing potatoes or preparing vegetables for his broth.

However, these things did not worry him as much as his lack of oratorical gifts and his failure to console the troubled housekeeper's spirit, for if the worthy canon ever had any longing it was to be eloquent. He would have given his right hand in order to be able to compose a striking sermon. Every time that a silver tongued Jesuit would ascend into the pulpit and deliver a fiery address railing against the irreligious theories of Draper and of Strauss, who were totally unknown in Marineda, or some young priest cut after the pattern of Castelar would discourse about "Judaical hard heartedness" and the "epoch of the reconquest" or "the light of civilization spread from Golgotha," the worthy canon was not consumed with envy, for he was incapable of such a weakness, but he would become painfully conscious of his own deficiencies and would lament his own incapacity for preaching.

If we were to gather together his disjointed reflections they might read as follows: "O my Lord, it is evident that I am good for nothing. I am not worth my salt. I am as dumb as a fish. It was folly on my part to desire, as I have done, that I might be sent to preach the Gospel to the heathen in the wilds of Africa, where a rich harvest of souls might be gleaned. A nice apostle I should make, with my faltering tongue, my commonplace remarks, my croaking voice and my ordinary appearance! O Lord, why hast thou withheld the power of speech from me?"

At the confessional the canon encountered the same difficulty. He never was able to make use of those bitter sweet admonitions which soothe the conscientious scruples of the devotees, nor fulminate those scathing apostrophes which touch the hardened sinner's heart.

Therefore Angelita Ramos, the president of the "Daughters of Mary," the Marchioness of Venales, the founder of the Roperito, the wife of Marshal Celis—in fact, the creme de la creme of the devout church goers of Marineda—all agreed that the canon was a prosy preacher, while Father Incienso was very popular, and they liked the way in which he delivered rhetorical phrases, interwoven with mystical observations, from behind the grating of the confessional.

On the other hand, the common people sang the praises of the canon and lauded him to the sky. Sailors, artisans and cigar makers, when they saw him shuffle by with a kindly smile on his benevolent face, would say to one another in a low tone, "He is a saint."

Many anecdotes were told of the good man at the cigar factory, where all the news is known and commented upon. They would tell how he had sold his silver buckles to pay the rent of some poor people who were about to be ejected from their dwelling, and if a beggar asked for alms and he had no money to give him he would strip off for the sufferer his own muffler, his hankerchief or even his rosary. He suffered all sorts of privations in order to alleviate the wants of other people.

One night the canon retired at the time the chickens go to roost, for he had a severe cold. It was a dreary evening, and the rain was falling in torrents, while the wind shook the houses and whistled through the streets.

For that very reason the canon enjoyed lying in his warm bed, snugly tucked up and experiencing that delightful drowsiness which precedes sleep. His aching bones, tortured by rheumatism, were feeling a grateful warmth, and he could breathe quite freely. It was a moment of sybaritical enjoyment, such as prolongs the feeble existence of old men.

The canon had just murmured the last evening prayer, when the doorbell was violently rung and a hot discussion was heard going on in the antechamber. It grew more and more excited until Dona Ramona, holding a candlestick on high, burst into the room to inform the canon that a shabbily dressed woman, who looked like a beggar, insisted on seeing him at once. Like a soldier at the sound of the reveille, the canon sprang from his bed, and scarcely waiting to clothe himself went out into the antechamber to meet the stranger. The water was streaming from her garments, for the rain had wet her to the skin.

"Oh, most holy man!" she exclaimed, endeavoring to kiss the old priest's hand. "My brother is at his last gasp and will not confess. He is dying like a dog, senor, and pardon me for speaking so. Come, good sir, try to move his hardened heart, so that his sinful soul may not thus be launched into another world unpardoned."

"Who is your brother, my good woman?"

"The notary Roca."

The canon gazed in astonishment at the woman's shabby garments, and as she read his thoughts she stammered:

"I am a cigar maker, and as my eyesight is poor I can earn only a scanty livelihood. My brother is rolling in wealth, but he never gives me a single cent. He has a wicked housekeeper who makes way with all he has, and here am I, with my four little ones, obliged to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. But do not think that I have come on account of his money or because I wish him to leave it to me. I was born poor and shall die poor, and I should not care if it were not for my children. But I do not want my brother to lose his soul. I do not want him to be condemned forever."

"See here, my poor woman," said the canon, already touched by her vehemence, "I am not capable of convincing any one nor moving his heart. Go to Father Incienso."

"Ah, father, that priest may be very good, but there is no other man as saintly as you are in Marineda. We, the cigar makers, would put you ahead of the pope himself. If you do not wish to come say so, but don't tell me to look for any one else, for if you do not perform this miracle not even Christ himself could do so."

Oh, human weakness! As she spoke the canon felt an inward satisfaction and said:

"Dona Ramona, give me my umbrella."

"Your umbrella!" snapped the housekeeper. "Don't you know that it is in tatters, like the banner of the Literarios, and that I was obliged to send it to be recovered?"

The canon hesitated for a moment and then said timidly:

"Well, bring me my cloak and my old hat and my muffler."

He left the house with the woman, and the rain beat down on their defenseless heads, while the heavy gusts of wind almost took their breath away as it drove them along. The rain penetrated his garments and chilled the poor canon to the very marrow.

"Oh," he thought, "if I only had a sip of wine or brandy! If I could only warm myself by the blaze of a good fire!"

After a long tramp they reached the house and the cigar maker boldly knocked on the door, and as it was not opened at once she knocked still louder. A formidable looking woman, with mustaches, bulging eyes and fleshy, heavy form, made her appearance at the door and overwhelmed them with invectives. She endeavored to close the door again, but the cigar maker had thrust herself into the opening like a wedge, and foaming with rage cried:

"Get out of the way! Get out of the way! I have brought this holy man so that my brother shall not die like a dog! Get out of the way, you horrid thing!"

She pointed to the canon behind her, shivering with cold.

It was singular, but the fleshy woman knew him at once, and as she recognized him her bearing changed: her eyes no longer flashed fire, and she meekly said:

"Come in, good father, come in. Pardon me, for I did not see you. You relieved the distress of my poor mother, don't you recollect? In heaven is still recorded the money you gave her to enable her to buy a vegetable stall in the market place to earn her living. Oh, no, I shall never shut my door in your face. Come in, sir, and make yourself at home, but please remember that I have been doing the work in this house for the past three years, and it is only just that when Senor Roca dies he should leave me something. Come in."

The canon drew himself up. The spark of life within him was rekindled under the glow of that enthusiastic reception, of that unexpected gratitude—the result of a good action which he had long ago forgotten. A mysterious light illumined his spirit, and a sudden thought, terrible as well as comforting, thrilled him to the very center of his heart. This thought changed his deadly coldness into ardor—a species of apostolic fervor. He entered the sick man's room with a firm step.

The notary was in one of those painful crises which are the forerunners of death. His chest rose and fell as he gasped for breath, and his painful respiration could be heard from the passageway. In spite of his suffering he noticed the entrance of the canon, and wildly waving his arms and uttering a hoarse cry he showed his displeasure.

Notwithstanding this, after the housekeeper had shaken up the pillows she discreetly withdrew, leaving him alone with the canon—the healer of souls.

The canon stopped on the threshold, as though hesitating or waiting for the inspiration of the moment to move him. His limbs were cramped with cold, but there was an ardent glow within him now which filled his soul with holy fire. He no longer thought of warming his stomach by a sip of wine, nor of drawing near to the grateful blaze of the fireplace, nor of going back to his comfortable bed.

He went up to the sick man and knelt beside him.

The notary fixed upon his visitor his dim eyes, already glazed with the film of death.

"What—what are you doing there?" he painfully ejaculated.

"I am praying," replied the priest, "that you may confess and may repent of your sins and save your soul."

"And you—by heaven! What business is it of yours, I would like to know? Here, Pepa."

"Don't call Pepa, for she knows that I shall not harm you; I am interested in saving your soul," replied the canon, drawing himself up and raising his voice, while he seemed to increase in stature and spirit as he found within himself a strength of will and flow of ideas which were fully equal to any of Father Incienso's.

"I am interested because you may die today, but I am sure—do you understand me?—that I myself shall not live eight days longer. I had a severe cold and was ill in bed, but I have come to hear you confess. I am drenched to the skin, and I know I have caught my death, but I do not want to present myself before the Almighty with empty hands, and I have made up my mind to save your soul in order not to lose my own.

"I have not been of much use to God during my lifetime—do you understand?—of none at all. And now he calls me to himself, and do you want me to say to him, 'I am so incompetent I could not even touch the notary Roca's heart?' But now I possess a power of speech, such as I never had before, and do you want to prevent me from deriving any benefit from it? No, sir; you must listen to me. I shall not go away from here without absolving you from your sins, even if I am torn to pieces. Kill me, if you wish to, but listen to me and heed what I say."

* * * * * * *

The last episode in the history of the canon occurred at the portals of heaven. The notary's soul and his own reached it at the same moment, for the notary was converted by the apostle's tardy eloquence. The notary, both shame-faced and overjoyed—for, to tell the truth, he had never dreamed he should be able to go to heaven—the notary stepped back politely to make way for the canon's soul. But the canon said smilingly to the repentant sinner as he drew back, "No; you must enter first."

—Translated from the Spanish of Emilio Pardo de Bazan for Romance by Mary Springer.

Mississippi River Roustabouts.

The roustabouts' faults are excessively human, and the consequence of a sturdy belief that they need sharper treatment than the rest of us leads to their being urged to do more work than a white man. There were nights on the Providence when the landings ran close together and the poor wretches got little or no sleep. They "tote" all the freight aboard and back to land again on their heads or shoulders, and it is crushing work. Whenever the old barbaric instinct to loaf or to move by threes at one man's work would prompt them, one of the mates was sure to spy the weakness and roar at the culprits.

The mates showed no actual unkindness or severity while I was on that boat. But they all—on all the boats—have fearsome voices, such as we credit to pirate chiefs on "low, rakish, black boats," in yellow clad novels. Any one of them would break up an opera troop. They rasp at the darkies in their business voices with a "run up the plank, nigger; now, then, nigger, get wood," and then they turn and speak to the passengers in their Sunday shore leave voices as gently as any men can talk.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Medical Question.

Answers to the question, "At what period of the development of a tumor is its extirpation justifiable?" for a long time have been divided between early and late surgical intervention and non-intervention.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Diligent Pupil.

Teacher—I am glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lesson.

Little Boy—Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses.—Good News.

AN INCIDENT IN A CAFE

HOW A RICH MAN MAY BE LIBERAL BUT NOT SENTIMENTAL.

The Too Deluded Writer Neglected to Take Advantage of the Offer of the Wealthy Man, and So When Money Was Needed He Was Repulsed with Candor.

One morning, at the hour when one meets in Broadway only street cleaners, day laborers and exotic princes, a rich financier and a writer of phases of city life were in the cafe of a fashionable restaurant. The financier was eating a serious filet, the writer a frivolous eel with tartar sauce. They had bowed to each other and then pursued the even tenor of their thoughts, which, surely, were not similar, for the writer, listening perhaps to harmonious phrases which were in his mind, smiled, whereas the financier, nervous and careworn, moved his lips as if reciting a lesson which he knew not well. His mute turbulence became so annoying to the writer that he decided to ask the cause of it.

"My dear friend," said the financier, "I may tell you—who will never harm me and who are ever walking in azure—that in an hour I shall surely have lost my credit, my fortune, everything. There is a meeting of stockholders from whom I must get more money, and I have not yet found a pretext, good or bad, nor the first word of my speech. I relied on my secretary, who is a man of genius, but he rushed out in the street yesterday without his coat, and today he is in bed with pneumonia. Just my luck!"

Without deigning to comment on the ferocious selfishness contained in the financier's last phrase, the writer asked for an explanation of the financial difficulty and received it in phrases brief, precise, saying exactly what the speaker wished to say—perhaps because they were not addressed to stockholders. Then he asked the waiter to send for paper, ink and a stub pen, and said calmly:

"Nothing can be easier. I wish it were as simple an affair to write a phase of city life, with its exposition, development and final expression."

"A phase of city life?" asked the financier with evident surprise.

"Yes," replied the writer. "They are things that we do as a sort of relief, when we are so burdened with work that we do not know where to begin. As for your speech, it shall be quickly made up. Your mines are exhausted; you are after other mines in their place; your stockholders expected dividends, and they shall be assessed. Not to be able to convince stockholders of the imperious necessity of paying an assessment is to admit that one has never known how to put in its place a word of four syllables and has never been the friend of flaming adjectives."

The phasist wrote rapidly in cursive letters; the leaves were piling up before him and they were covered with perfectly regular lines. The financier was beating a tattoo with his nails on a rod of his chair. The writer ceased to write, and the financier began to read. As he read his face brightened, and in the end it radiated light as if dipped in the pink furnaces of Aurora.

"It is positive, then, that the things which I wished to say to my stockholders are true," he said when he had partially recovered from his stupefaction.

"They are true if correctly deduced from one another, united with that false metal which is called logic, expressed in words the sounds of which are varied enough to preoccupy those who listen, because in a literary point of view there is no other sort of truth," the writer replied.

The financier had quickly paid his bill to the waiter, put on and buttoned his overcoat, and placed the manuscript in his pocket.

"My life is yours," he said to the writer, while he pressed his hand. "Only claim it. But I suppose you would not know what to do with it, so let us talk seriously. How much money do you want? I cannot do less than pay you any sum that you may name."

"Oh," said the writer, "I sell phases of city life, but I do not deal in financial speeches. I have written this only to serve you. Do not talk of it. I want nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed the financier, with a suspicious air. "Well, suit yourself. I am obliged to you, anyhow."

The writer quickly forgot the incident. He was too busy collecting epithets descriptive of the saffrons, the pinks and the grays of sunsets to think of the unpublished page of "Robert Macaire" that he had written. But his cashier suddenly desired to visit Canada, and not to travel alone took the cash box with his luggage. It happened on the day when Sloane's bill for oriental rugs, which the writer had bought on credit, was due. At the same time Bradstreet's, Matthews and Stikeman sent to him fifty volumes economically bound in half Levant morocco of various colors at the rate of four dollars a volume. He called on the financier, who demonstrated in a few words how wide the gulf is which separates a man of finance from a man of city life phases. He said:

"No. I never lend money to people who are not practical. When you saved me from bankruptcy I asked you to name the sum that you wished. I would have given you $10,000, $20,000, $30,000 and notes secured by bonds, and anything that you might have asked, but you preferred to enjoy the luxury of rendering service for nothing. Very well, keep your illusions; I keep my money. You have written somewhere that books go to those who love them. Money is like books; it wants to be adored."—New York Times.

Three Kinds of Opals.

There are three varieties of opal. Ranking first comes the oriental; as second in value the fire, and lastly the common opal. The affection for this precious treasure, as expressed by the ancients, can hardly be believed.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fight with a Panther.

In the early part of this century Jairus Rich was a famous hunter of Alexandria, N. Y. Once when his traps were set for wolves, he went out on a tour of inspection, and was surprised to see a panther spring up and bound away with one of the traps hitched to its hind leg. He fired, but missed, and the creature made off into the thicket. Jairus went to a neighbor's, borrowed a dog and returned to the woods.

As he neared the place where the entrapped brute had disappeared, his quick eye detected a panther's head protruding from some bushes a few rods ahead. He took hasty aim, fired, and the creature fell dead.

Examination revealed the fact that this was not the panther in the trap, and the exciting barking of the dog a few rods in advance showed that other game was near. Leaving the dead panther he hurried on and soon came in sight of the entrapped beast, which stood at bay snarling fiercely at the dog, which kept at a safe distance.

Mr. Rich fired at the panther, but only wounded it slightly. In the excitement of the moment he threw down his gun, seized his hatchet and ran forward, thinking to make short work of his game, but in that he was mistaken. The panther made a sudden spring, knocked the hatchet from the hunter's hand, and, furious with rage and pain, began tearing and biting him.

Rich defended himself to the best of his ability, but there was no getting away from the fierce animal. A fearful struggle ensued, and finally the panther got one of the hunter's hands in his mouth.

With his free hand Rich succeeded in getting his jackknife from his pocket. He opened it with his teeth, and with it put an end to the life of the ugly brute.

Then he crawled to the nearest house, where his wounds were cared for. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his bed, and the scars of the conflict he bore to the grave.—Youth's Companion.

Hell Will Be on a Comet!

What do you think of the idea of hell, the future abode of the wicked, being situated in the nucleus of some gigantic comet? This opinion, odd as it may seem to those who have given comets and the future state of the dead but little attention, has been entertained by many really eminent scientists and philosophers, among them the learned Dr. Whiston, the friend and sometime adviser of the great Sir Isaac Newton.

In answer to the inquiries of a friend, who wrote to ask the doctor for some tangible proof on the subject, the following unique theories were advanced: "According to my calculations and deductions, this theory which you rightly say 'must belong to me and me alone,' does locate hell, the awful prison house of the damned, in the fiery nucleus of some (perhaps yet undiscovered) comet of unthinkable size.

"In this wide circling chariot of fire they will be whirled in the twinkling of an eye from the intolerable heat of the surface of the sun back into space hundreds and hundreds of millions of miles from the great torch bearer of our system. Thus instantly the wretched tenants will be given two unbearable extremes—one of cold and the other of heat—this to continue through the endless ages of eternity, while the Almighty is dispensing the severities of justice."

Did mortal man ever harbor a more horrible idea than this?—St. Louis Republic.

Literary Chances in New York.

The actual chances for literary success in New York are in no respect different from those which any greater city presents over those of a smaller community. If a literary man or woman can go to New York with a certainty offered in the way of a fairly paying position, then I say, by all means go, and if he has any talent in him it will come out and win quick success. But if he has only ordinary gifts then let him stay where he is, even with a certainty offered him. New York holds out nothing to such a man except a poor livelihood. Or, if a writer has established a fair reputation, is known by editors and publishers through letters, and he feels that there is something in him which only the activity of a great city will bring out, then let him go to busy Gotham.

But let him be careful that he does not confuse ambition with talent. New York is full of ambitious writers, and they will always remain ambitions, always reaching out to eat the literary oats which hang suspended just a little out of their reach. Ambition is a splendid quality, but the talent must be there to back it up. And the latter is what is lacking in so many of the ambitious literary spirits in New York today. It is all ambition.—E. W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

What Might Be, but Isn't.

What might be every day, but isn't, occurred on a train coming into Detroit from Toledo one day last week. There was a good looking young woman in a seat by herself when at a way station a rather fly drummer came on.

"Is this seat engaged, miss?" he inquired, stopping in front of her.

"No," she replied promptly.

"May I sit here?" he asked as he began to pile in.

"No!" she said with such a snap that he slid along the aisle and dropped into a place alongside a great, coarse man.—Detroit Free Press.

Why New York Has No Big Hall.

The reason why New York city has no town hall for popular gatherings is because it doesn't pay. Meeting halls here are erected by philanthropists, the number of whom does not apparently keep pace with the growth of the population.—New York Sun.

Penalty of Economy.

Husband—If one half the money we spent foolishly had been saved, we could buy a house.

Wife—Yes, and be snubbed by everybody we invited into it.—New York Weekly.

CROWS TO THE RESCUE.

A Midair Fight, in Which They Tackle a Hungry Hawk.

A white feathered chicken in search of worms strayed from the yard of a Feeding Hills farmer early Sunday afternoon and was soon scratching merrily in the black loam of a swamp near by. A big hen hawk that was sailing lazily along far up in the sky tipped an eye downward and saw the little white chick. The hawk had had no dinner and was very hungry. The big, hungry hawk suddenly shot down like a stone, and before the chick could run or cluck, or even flap her funny little wings, she was in the hawk's cruel claws.

The farmer was in a wagon near the barn and did not see the hawk with flapping wings rise into the air clutching tight the little white chick, frightened and still. But perched upon some trees the other side of the swamp were eight black crows. They had seen it all. Putting their eight heads together these crows consulted hurriedly, and then, with a loud, defiant chorus of "caw, caw, caw," they took wing. The bird of prey had not risen fifty feet into the air before the crows had completely surrounded him.

They pecked at him above, below, in front and behind. They would rise many feet above and shoot downward one after the other at the hawk with the swiftness and celerity of swallows. The hawk, burdened with the breathless chick, could not endure the savage onset and soon sank among the trees. But the crows, crying "caw, caw" more defiantly than before, beat upon him still, and at last the hawk dropped the chick and angrily dashed upward again.

For minutes the battle raged over the tree tops. The hawk was fierce in his defense, but the crows, using the same tactics as before, gradually drove him higher and higher still, until finally, discomfited and thoroughly beaten, the bird of prey sailed off to the south, whither he was followed miles and miles by two of the more pugnacious crows. The others now flew in the opposite direction and disappeared.

Meanwhile, what had become of the little white chick to whose rescue these eight crows had so chivalrously gone? With feathers sadly ruffled and her breast black with the slime of the bog into which she had dropped from the claws of the hawk, the dazed chick was slowly and painfully hopping back through the swamp to the maternal roost. And all this time, like the peasant who, as Zola tells us, serenely tilled his little patch of earth with the battle of Sedan raging in his ears, this farmer of Feeding Hills was cutting cornstalks unconscious of the exciting drama of the hawk and the chick and the eight black crows.—Springfield Republican.

Hard to Strike the Line.

Uncle Jimmie, in the forties and fifties, was one of the leading divines of Kentucky—a typical Andrew Jackson in appearance and address. But unfortunately he was incumbered with an almost ungovernable appetite for strong drink. He was then a member of a church six miles south of Newport. The reverend gentleman became a member of the Washingtonians, the great temperance society of that day. At the next business meeting of the church the preacher was surprised to hear charges preferred against him for immoral conduct and to receive from the irate deacons the following explanation: By becoming a member of a secular society as helpful to moral reformation he at once admitted that the help afforded by the society was stronger than that of the church—thus placing a temperance society in advance of the church as a moral force.

The result was that the reverend gentlemen withdrew from the society. A few months later a member was called up for getting drunk at an old fashioned Kentucky "hog killing." Uncle Jimmie was present at the trial and during its progress said to the court: "You called me to account for joining a temperance society. You are now trying this man for getting drunk. How much ought a man to drink to be a consistent Baptist?" That remark concluded that trial.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Familiar Quotations of Pope's.

Pope and Burns are respectively the authors of more familiar phrases than anybody else but Shakespeare in modern times. Here are a few of Pope's: "Shoot folly as she flies;" "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;" "Man never is but always to be blessed;" "Whatever is, is right;" "The proper study of mankind is man;" "Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength;" "Order is heaven's first law;" "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow;" "Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part; there all the honor lies;" "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" "Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend;" "Every woman is at heart a rake;" "Woman's at best a contradiction still;" "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" "Who shall decide when doctor's disagree?" "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" "To err is human; to forgive, divine;" "Beauty draws us with a single hair;" "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" "Damn with faint praise;" "The many headed monster."—London Tit-Bits.

Suit of Rattlesnake Skins.

Peter Gruber, the rattlesnake king of Venango county, Pa., has had made the most unique costume any man ever wore. It consists of coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes and shirt, and made entirely of the skin of rattlesnakes. Seven hundred snakes, all caught and skinned by Gruber during the last five years, provided the material for this novel costume. To preserve the brilliancy and flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious by chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber and are as soft and elastic as woolen goods. The different articles for this outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers and hatters, and the costume is valued at $1,000.—Chicago Tribune.

NATURE LOVE.

Let us be much with nature, not as they
That labor without seeing, that employ
Her unloved forces blindly without joy,
Nor those whose hands and crude delights obey
The old brute passion to hunt down and slay,
But rather as children of one common birth,
Discerning in each natural fruit of earth
Kindred and bond to this divincr clay.

Let us be with her wholly at all hours,
With the fond lover's zest who is content
If his ear hears and if his eye but sees;
So shall we grow like her in mold and bent,
Our bodies stately as her blessed trees,
Our thoughts as sweet and sumptuous as her flowers.

—Archibald Lampman in Youth's Companion.

TRIALS.

"I certainly will try the experiment," quoth I to myself.

And then I covertly looked in the glass, so as better to calculate my chances matrimonial.

It wasn't a very satisfactory survey. I am not a handsome man. But there's one advantage I possess that is worth all the beauty in creation—Torquatus Thistledown, Esq., president of the Thistledown Petroleum company, with the handsomest yacht in the bay and money enough to freight it with a golden cargo! Youth—beauty—what do they weigh in the balance against Torquatus Thistledown?

And I patted my pockets with a chuckle that sounded like the chink of doubloons!

"I'll do it!" I exclaimed aloud.

Bruce Hardenbrook glanced sleepily up from his armchair in the bay window and took his cigar out of his mouth. Bruce belongs to our club—more's the pity—a supercilious puppy that looks down on a fellow from the height of his six feet two, as if nobody under that size had any business to exist.

"What's that you're going to do, Thistledown?" asked Bruce.

"To be married," I added slowly and distinctly, "to Miss Fanny Gordon."

Bruce started. I had known very well that that would disturb his serene self possession. All the world was quite aware that he was dangling after pretty Fanny Gordon—as if a clientless young lawyer had any right to aspire to the hand of the loveliest girl in New York!

"Are you engaged to her, Mr. Thistledown?" he asked.

"No—not exactly engaged—that is, not as yet, but I mean to be. I shall consult Mr. Gordon this very afternoon—an old friend of mine, Job Gordon. He'll refuse me nothing."

Bruce Hardenbrook made no reply. He resumed his newspaper and tried to look indifferent, with remarkably bad success.

So I put on my hat and strolled down to honest Job Gordon's counting room.

"Thistledown, how d'ye do?" he cordially said. "What can I do for you today?"

"A great deal, Mr. Gordon," I responded. "I am contemplating matrimony. I am thinking of the hymeneal bonds, sir, and—and—I would like the weight of your influence with your daughter Fanny. I adore Fanny, sir—I worship her—and I don't mind telling you that it is within her option at this moment to become Mrs. Torquatus Thistledown!"

Mr. Gordon wrung my hand heartily.

"Torquatus," he ejaculated breathlessly, "you're a trump. My daughter, Mrs. Petroleum Company—no, I don't mean that exactly—but—but I only hope you aren't too late!"

"Too late!" I gasped, making a clutch at my yellow silk pocket handkerchief and wiping the drops away from the bald spot on the crown of my head.

"There was a young fellow here this very morning," went on Mr. Gordon, rumpling his hair with one hand in a distracted manner, "upon the self same business, and"——

"Not Bruce Hardenbrook?"

"Yes, Bruce Hardenbrook—the very person—and I told him to—I—I gave him my sanction—and I've just sent up a note to Fanny desiring her to have no hesitation in promptly accepting the gentleman who would propose to her this afternoon."

I gave a feeble gasp and rubbed my nose.

"But," added the old gentleman, with a sudden inspiration, "I didn't mention any names, thank goodness, and I don't see, upon my word, why the note shouldn't answer for you just as well as for Bruce Hardenbrook, if you only get there a little ahead of him."

I jumped up and made a grasp at my hat.

"Couldn't—couldn't you go with me?"

"Impossible—I have two most important appointments, but you won't need me—the note paves the way. Good evening, Torquatus, I wish you all possible success!"

As I hailed the nearest omnibus and leaped in, the iron tongue of old Trinity tolled 6 in deep bass monosyllables. Perhaps—perhaps I might yet be in time—perhaps Bruce Hardenbrook might be just such a fool as to be idling away the precious moments in that big easy chair at the clubrooms. It was barely possible, and my heart gave a bound at the idea.

Fanny was at home, for as I rang the bell I saw the flutter of her blue muslin dress from the French windows that opened upon the balcony—and the next moment she admitted me herself—a tall, beautiful girl, with bright brown hair brushed away from a low white forehead, and eyes like shady wells of light.

"Dear me, Mr. Thistledown, is it really you?" she exclaimed coquettishly adjusting a rose in her hair. "Excuse my opening the door, the servants are gone to Michael Somebody's wake and I'm all alone."

Not entirely alone, for a "monitor" hat hung on the hall stand — dark, speechless witness! My heart stood still! At the same moment I caught a glimpse of my face in the oval mirror above. It couldn't have been redder or more shining if it had been oiled mahogany. However, I gave it a nervous dab or two with my pocket handkerchief and boldly entered the parlor.

Just as I expected. Bruce Hardenbrook was there, but then, judging by his appearance, he had only just arrived Now was my time. But how was a fellow to make love with Bruce Hardenbrook's cold, critical eyes full on him, and the amused curve of his lip varying at every word I spoke?

"I—I was thinking of asking you, Fanny"——

"Yes, Mr. Thistledown."

But my courage failed me at this eventful instant.

"If you're much troubled with mosquitoes in this neighborhood"—

"Not at all."

Bruce was laughing—I knew he was, but I scorned to look to him. I felt as if I had been taking a bath in liquid fire. Was I to be trifled with thus? Never!

"Fanny," I resumed, resolutely, "I am in"——

But she jumped up with an agonized little scream.

"Hush! wasn't that a man's step in the basement hall? I am sure I heard it. Kathleen has left the door unbolted and the house is full of robbers and murderers! Oh, Mr. Thistledown, do—do run and see!"

She shrank into a corner with the prettiest cowardice I had ever seen. Now I'm not, as a general thing, particularly partial to the company of burglars and housebreakers, but what was a man to do thus charmingly appealed to?

"Don't be afraid, Fanny," said I, catching up the guitar case valiantly, making for the lower part of the house with that weapon of aggression. "Come on, Hardenbrook—we'll make 'em stir round pretty lively, or we'll know the reason why!"

Hardenbrook followed, rather contrary to my expectations; I had half feared his remaining behind to comfort the frightened dove in the blue muslin feathers.

"You look in the kitchen, Thistledown, and I'll examine the cellar," he said, and I promptly obeyed. I looked under the dresser, behind the tables, even beneath the great brass kettle in the corner, but there was no burglar there.

"It must have been the cat, Hardenbrook," bawled I, "for—the deuce, how came this door shut?"

I gave the handle of the door an energetic turn—it was fast locked!

And now the truth began to dawn dimly upon my perturbed and excited brain—the coast was clear, and victory belonged to Bruce Hardenbrook!

In vain I shouted until my lungs were hoarse—in vain I rattled the relentless door; nothing but the echo rewarded my efforts. Nor was the scene of my involuntary confinement particularly inviting. It was dark, close, and intensely hot—a circumstance easily accounted for by the fact of a white hot fire glowing away in the range and no particular circulation except that of Croton bugs across the floor! I sat down on the brass kettle and wiped the streams of perspiration from my forehead—a modern St. Bartholomew.

I gnashed my teeth and upset a whole colony of frying pans in despair.

I sprang up and rattled the door once more, shouting at the top of my lungs, but all to no avail. I kicked at the walls—I beat a tattoo on the brass kettle with the guitar case. Vain efforts. I might as well have attempted to make myself heard from the great dungeon of the Bastille. And then I remembered the probable turn that affairs were taking up stairs and uttered a hollow groan.

"If ever I get out of this fiery furnace alive," said I to myself energetically, "I'll let girls and matrimony alone!"

So the time crept away, every moment seeming like an hour, and I heard the sharp little kitchen clock strike 8, 9 and 10, with a keen sensation of despair at every time. Should I never escape? Was I doomed to be roasted alive?

At length the monotony of silence was relieved by the sound of footsteps coming down the narrow stairs, and Job Gordon's voice exclaimed:

"Mary — Hannah — Kathleen — where the mischief are you all? What's the kitchen door locked for? I'll discharge every skin of you, or—hello!—thieves!—murder!—police!"

And honest Job fired his revolver aimlessly into the kitchen and flung a heavy chair after it.

"Cordon! stop—hold on—it's I—Torquatus Thistledown!"

"Thistledown in my kitchen! I don't believe a word of it! Police, I say!"

"But it is I, and I'm nearly dead. Stop your bawling and listen to reason," I said rather vindictively, for the slender thread of my patience was rapidly diminishing down to nothing at all. "Let me out where there's a breath of fresh air, and I'll explain things."

The astounded old gentleman led me up stairs into the gas lighted hall, marveling much at the wilted appearance that I presented.

"Now, then, will you be good enough to tell me what all this is about? I come home at 10 o'clock and find my house open and empty. I go down into my kitchen and find the president of the Thistledown Petroleum company mured up among the pots and pans! Am I asleep and dreaming, or have I been bereft of his senses?"

"First," I interrupted, "where are Hardenbrook and Fanny?"

"Where? How should I know? Another mystery, I presume."

"No mystery at all, sir," said a well known voice as Bruce Hardenbrook came quietly up the front steps and into the hall, with Fanny leaning on his arm, the pomegranate cheeks a shade redder than ever, and the bright hair glistening around her face; "here we both are."

"And where have you been?"

"Only to be married, sir!"

"Married?" cried I.

"Married?" echoed Mr. Gordon.

"You told me in your note, papa, to accept him promptly," faltered Fanny.

"But I didn't suppose you were going to be as prompt as all this," said the discomfited papa.

I remained to hear no more. What defeated general cares to linger and survey the scenes of his rout and discomfiture? Turning a deaf ear to Gordon's apologies and entreaties—resisting Bruce's hypocritical condolence and Fanny's melting eyes, where laughter and compassion blended into bewitching lights—I put on my hat and shook the dust of that mansion off my feet at once and forever.

And that was my last courtship.—Buffalo News.

MANY LUNATICS AT LARGE.

Experts Are Able to Detect Diseased Minds by the Sense of Smell.

"Every tenth mind is more or less abnormal, and you can readily see that in the crowded thoroughfares of a city like this there must be hundreds of people of unsound mind wandering about," said a famous alienist yesterday. "Occasionally they are thrown into mental paroxyms by being jostled or spoken to or interfered with, and then you read sensational articles in the daily journals headed 'A Dangerous Lunatic at Large,' but the fact is as I have stated it—there are hundreds of lunatics at large in our streets. When I am not reading I often amuse myself hunting for them in the street cars, on the elevated trains or on the ferryboats. Any expert in mental diseases can recognize one at a glance.

"Any sculptor will tell you that by glancing at a draped figure he can feel the form beneath it, and so do we alienists when we gaze at a human face. Almost unconsciously we feel the degree of mentality. True, there are certain outward symptoms of deranged intellect, such as the unsteady eye, the peculiar smirk known as the 'loony leer,' and certain motions and movements of the lips and hands and fingers; but the experienced alienist doesn't depend upon them. As I have told you, he feels the presence of subacute mania in the same way as a sculptor does a concealed figure; but more than this, he is often able to note the presence of a lunatic by the sense of smell.

"It's a physiological truth that lunatics exhale an odor that is almost as distinctive as the smell of musk, ambergris or sandalwood.

"There is nothing surprising about this, for many fevers and contagious diseases have their distinctive odors, as any physician will tell you. The mind, or if you will, the nervous system, is largely concerned in the task of keeping the secretory organs in a free and healthy action. Some people are so dull and lymphatic in their temperaments that they never perspire. Lunacy is purely a nervous condition, and hence it is almost always marked by a peculiar and indescribable odor proceeding from the imperfect action of the nerves on capillaries."—Pittsburg Press.

Keeping Churches Open.

"When I get rich," said a business man, "I am going to give away a lot of churches, but I shall not give anybody a church unless they will agree to keep it open on week days as well as Sundays. There has been in recent years an increase in the number of Protestant churches kept open through the week, but I would like to see more of them. I imagine that one reason why churches are not more generally kept open is the expense attending it, and doubtless many persons think that people are all or nearly all too busy to spend time in churches on week days.

"It seems to me that the expense should not stand in the way, and I am inclined to think that the number of those who would avail themselves of such opportunity for rest and meditation is greater than is generally supposed. I know that I have never entered a church in New York on a week day without finding somebody there. I should like not only to have more of the churches kept open on week days, but to have them open for a longer period each day, and I would like to keep some of them open all night. It is easy to see that there might be many objections to this; still I would like to see churches whose doors would be always open to every wayfarer."—New York Sun.

The Bee and His Useful Sting.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that, after all, the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cellwork by the dexterous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey.

This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor, and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the point of the sting and the beautiful work is finished. —Horticultural Times.

Coffee Cure for Horses.

The German naturalist, Martin, relates a case he recently met of a horse which owed its life to coffee. It was in such a bad way that it was considered incurable, and the owner sold the animal for fifteen dollars.

The animal was then almost a skeleton and so weak that it could hardly walk. The man who bought the horse immediately began to treat it with coffee, giving infusions of roasted coffee beans, and also coffee beans ground and mixed with honey. In a short time the horse began to improve, and after a few months its new owner was offered $250 for it.

He told Herr Martin he had brought round by the same same treatment many horses which had been overworked or had lost their strength and appetite.—Boston Globe.

Sport with Beginners.

They do like to have sport with beginners on the stage. An actor says that one evening when he was playing in Chicago a young fellow went to his dressing room—an intelligent and ambitious young fellow, too, but awfully fresh—and said, "Mr. Burbeck presents his compliments and asks if you will kindly send him your box of wrinkles." The actor kept a grave face and pretended to search among the materials on his makeup table before he replied: "Tell Mr. Burbeck I'm sorry, but I'm all out of wrinkles. I'll have some more tomorrow." The messenger went away, but was back in a few minutes, just as innocent as ever, and said, "Mr. Burbeck says it's all right, but he would like to borrow the key of the curtain."—New York Recorder.

Snow Storage.

Countries that have inadvisedly allowed their forest lands to be denuded eventually come to the conclusion that such recklessness involves most serious penalties. This appears to be the case in certain parts of Russia, where severe droughts cause great distress and injury. These droughts are ascribed to the gradual depreciation of the country along the principal rivers, and to the removal of obstacles in the river beds. Both these factors combine in causing the rainwater and melted snow to pass off more rapidly, and the low water level of the rivers therefore become abnormally and permanently low.

To remedy this ponds are to be dug or built up in the courses from which the rivers are fed, and on the plains long banks are to be raised, against which snowdrifts will be formed. The snow thus accumulated will melt more slowly than the thinner masses elsewhere, and will form a valuable supplement to the water supply at the period of the year when the droughts have hitherto obtained. This is simply a wholesale adaptation of a practice that has long been attributed to the more provident Russian peasants, who are in the habit of using plank walls to intercept the snow. The banks thus formed are said to frequently serve as the family water supply up to the month of August.—Nevada News.

Depew's Corpse Story.

Chauncey M. Depew told the following story at a banquet in New York:

A classmate of mine, a preacher, was located in a spiritualistic neighborhood, and the leader of the spiritualists' band died. His next friend came to see the clergyman, and said: "We have something of the old Puritan spirit left, though we have renounced it in our practice, and we want our leader buried by Christian ceremonial. Will you attend?" My friend, the clergyman, consented in the best spirit of Christian charity. He gave out the hymn, read a passage of Scripture and made such remarks as he conscientiously could, whereupon the wife of the dead spiritualist rose and said that she had a communication from her husband.

That critical spirit tore the eulogium to pieces, ripped up the Scripture quoted and denounced the hymn. The surviving leader of the spiritualist band came to the clergyman and said: "We beg your pardon. We had no idea that our leader would come back here and act in this way, and we hope you will forgive us." "My friend," the clergyman said, "I will forgive you, because it is the first time in the many ministrations that I have had of this kind in this parish that I have ever been sassed by the corpse."—New York World.

Pirate Treasure.

The period fruitful above all others to the (imaginary) treasure seekers is that of the bold buccaneers, of the Spanish galleons charged with bullion and of the treasure fleets that were the choicest prey of the gallant sea rover.

Pirate or buccaneer, he had some favorite haunt about Key West or among the islands of the Spanish main—some cave filled with booty which one day he hopes to transfer in safety to his native Devon. But a ship heaves in sight—it is a Spanish man-of-war—and such a contest ensues as has inspired the popular muse of the sailors' "shanty."

There is an end of the pirate and his crew, but the secret deposit remains as a prize for some future adventurer. Or it may be that the buccaneers are only shipwrecked, and that one of the crew escapes with the fragment of an old chart on which is marked the exact position of the buried treasure. The subject leaves plenty of play for the imagination, and, although often worked up in fiction, has always a kind of freshness about it, with a savor of truth and fact, for doubtless such a hoard does somewhere exist, if we could only find it.—All the Year Round.

A Clever Cat.

There is a large Maltese cat making its headquarters at the Seventh police precinct station that is bound to go on record as the smartest feline known. Like all other cats it delights in capturing sparrows, but unlike other cats it has never been known to let a bird get away that it made up its mind to catch. Lieutenant Thompson is authority for the statement that the cat, perched on the cornice of the building, made a leap of twenty-two feet into a tree and caught a sparrow. The lieutenant has also watched the cat while bird catching and has counted nine sparrows carried to a spot, and after the hunt was over devoured one by one.

A peculiar trait of the cat is that there is but one man who reports at the station that she will make friends with, and he is Patrolman Rowland. When he is on night duty the cat will follow him from the time he goes on duty until relieved the next morning. All the dogs in the Newburg region have encountered the cat on several occasions, and when she is in sight the canines take the other side of the street.—Cleveland Press.

Now He Feels Better.

A Woodward avenue man, who likes his joke and his good living, hasn't been feeling well lately, and one day last week he went to see a physician. The doctor felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and became thoughtful.

"Um—er," he said, "do you eat before going to bed?"

"Well, yes, usually."

"Of course you do. I was sure of that. The symptoms are very evident. You'll have to stop it."

"Entirely?" asked the patient quietly.

The doctor became thoughtful again.

"Um—er," he said slowly; "about how much do you eat, and about how long after it before you go to bed?"

"That depends somewhat, doctor," and the patient looked serious. "I usually eat three meals, and they are scattered along between 8 in the morning and 8 at night."

Then the doctor made a few tropical remarks and said, "Two dollars, please." —Detroit Free Press.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake av, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 530 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 352 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; T Melnerney, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4320 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4507 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2856 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 830 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

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St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 3308 Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2360 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2058 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 358 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5745 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas. Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5455 Woodlawn av.

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Some Theatrical Advertisements.

Among the miscellaneous advertisements of a theatrical paper we notice six persons willing to supply the ladies with tights, eight with jewelry, and armor has a single paragraph devoted to it. "Wanted, a heavy man to combine emperor and cat," reads rather peculiarly, as does "For sale, an electric nose." "Leading lady wanted, to look about sixteen," is one requirement, and "Wanted, low comedian for old woman," is another.

There is a regular menagerie of performing animals for sale, including ten dogs, four elephants, four bears, two goats, two horses, a donkey and a "happy family."

Scenery is procurable in almost any quantity. "For sale, effective village street, with practicable night," "forest with good thunderstorm," "several soldiers' heads for panto," "substantial rustic bridge," "waterfall of galvanized iron with realistic foam" are all obtainable, and "drawing rooms" and "cottage interiors" are galore.—London Tit-Bits.

When John Was in Doubt.

John was a coachman who took life most seriously, and being very particular would return frequently in the course of the day to make sure that he understood the orders that had been given him in the morning. One afternoon he presented himself before his mistress and began:

"Mrs. T——, Oi'm not quite certain as to Mr. T——'s ordher this mornin. Oi was droivin him to the thrain, an he noticed that the horse was lame, an he told me to do somethin to him, mum; but sure Oi don't know whither he told me to shoe him or to shoot him. Mebbe ye can till me."

A shoeing was evidently required, but the execution of the order and likewise of the horse was deferred until Mr. T—— returned.—Harper's Young People.

Lengthening of Tree Trunks.

In reply to the query whether branches which are now too low for convenience will get higher in time when the trunk of the tree lengthens, Meehan, in his Illustrated Monthly, says:

It is a general impression that the trunks of trees lengthen, but this is not the case. The trunk of a tree, being once formed, does not lengthen a fraction, no matter if it lives to 100 years. A branch from a trunk that is now, say, six feet from the ground will have the center of that branch still six feet from the ground, no matter how many years elapse. If branches are therefore now too low, they had better be cut off at once. Again, it is worth remembering in cutting off branches that they should always be cut close to the trunk or to any main branch, so that the wound may heal over. If the branch is very large, so that the wound is likely to take several years to heal over, it is better to paint it, in order to keep the water from rotting the wood until it is properly healed. More good trees are spoiled through leaving an inch or two of stump to a cut off branch than people have any idea of.

By a Poppy's Smell.

In Turkey if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field and the wind blows from the field toward him he becomes narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him a bucket of stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.—New York Press.

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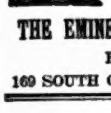

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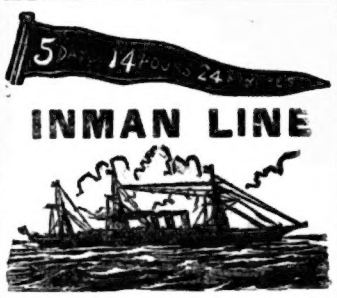

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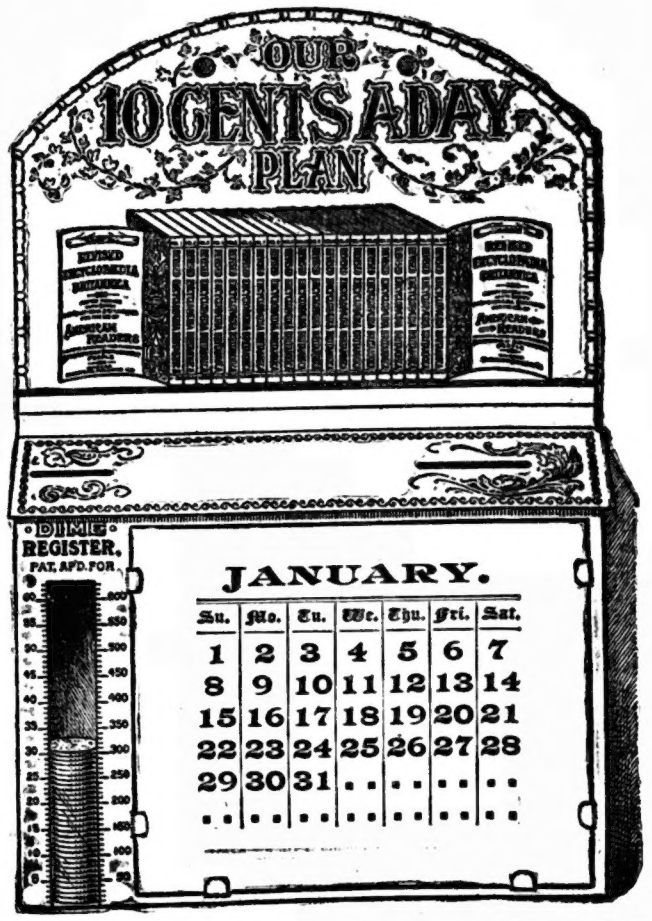

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